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CORONET

"INFINITE RICHES IN A LITTLE ROOM"

FEBRUARY, 1938

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

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CORONET

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1938

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BALKAN RHAPSODY

EVEN THE MILITARY GENIUS FOR EFFICIENCY ALLOWS A SLIGHT OVERSIGHT NOW AND THEN

MIHAI COSMA, the peasant, was about to leave his tiny, thatch-roofed cottage for the field when the visitor arrived. The hard-working Cosma was not one to appreciate a visit in the early morning when the day's toil clamored to be done. But this visitor would receive scant welcome at any time. He was a gendarme.

"Are you Mihai Cosma?"

"Yes!"

"Then you are the fellow who comes with me."

"But why?" The scrawny peasant was stunned. "Have I done anything wrong?"

"Don't ask stupid questions and come along! Start moving!"

There was no alternative. Cosma took his hat, stared dumbly at his protesting wife, crossed himself and went out.

The gendarme led him through the village. The news of Cosma's arrest had spread like wild-fire and they were soon accompanied by a large throng of curious peasants. Silent and resigned, Cosma walked among his neighbors. Cries of excitement spread through the crowd. "Look it's Cosma, the gendarme has taken him." "Who knows what he's done?" They regarded him with feelings of shocked surprise and pity. Some of them asked the gendarme to explain the mystery of Cosma's arrest. He gruffly told them to mind their own business. "You ought to be glad that you are not mixed up in this, so shut up and mind your own business," he insinuated to one sturdy peasant. This answer, far from satisfying the curiosity of the crowd, gave it something to chew on. Cosma must have done something terrible; perhaps he had committed robbery. "Maybe he is the murderer of the land-owner, Stefanescu, for whom the gendarmie have been looking for three years," declared one of the gray beards of the village.

The servant of the law and his prisoner finally arrived at the barracks. An uncomfortable feeling seized Cosma. He had always hurried past this building without even daring to look at it. He had always thought with dread of the fate that must befall those who were behind its red brick walls. And now he was to be

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permitted the privilege of acquainting himself at first-hand with those within.

The gendarme shoved him through the door. Cosma found himself face to face with the reigning power of the village, the commanding officer of the barracks. In the city a non-commissioned officer is a quite unimportant cog in the military machine; but out here he was almighty, the man whose every word and whim were to be feared. This awesome personification of the authority of the state did not even raise his eyes from the papers strewn on the table before him when the peasant, sickly pale and twisting his hat in his hands, was suddenly thrust into his presence. He continued his examination of a terrifyingly official document. When he had finished reading, he opened his cigarette case, selected a cigarette, lighted it, cleared his throat and looked up.

"Who is this?" he barked at the soldier.

Taken aback, the latter snapped to attention.

"This is Mihai Cosma. At your command, sir."

"Oh, yes, Mihai Cosma." He cleared his throat again. "Where in the devil's name is that slip of paper. Damn it, I just had it in my hand. Oh, here it is. Now listen, you crawling, manure-smelling peasant, headquarters has sent through an order to have you brought before them. The reason is not stated here, and anyhow I don't care what it is. I suppose you know what you've done, eh?"

Cosma gained a mite of courage.

"Long may you live, sir, but I know of nothing. As God is my witness, I have done nothing."

"Keep your mouth shut, you idiot! Who asked you anything?" He left his chair and strode to the peasant. "Criminals are always innocent," he growled. To punctuate his remark he struck the peasant a vicious blow on the chest.

He returned to his chair and continued rapidly, "It's 76 kilometres from here to the provincial capital. Since it's less than 100 kilometres you are compelled by law to supply the fare of 300 lei for yourself and the guard, or be taken there on foot."

The peasant was dumbfounded. He hung his shaggy head and pleaded, "Your excellency, where can a poor peasant like myself scrape together so much money?"

"I'm not asking you where you're going to get the money. What I ask is whether you have it or not. If you do not have it, you'll be walked from one gendarme post to the next one. Now get going!"

Picking up a slip of paper from his desk he turned to the arresting soldier and said, "Here are the orders. Take this mule to the next post at Florita."

With a swift kick the soldier started the peasant on his journey.

For hours the peasant and the gendarme marched on the hot, dusty road that led to Florita. The peasant,

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unaccustomed to the military pace, swiftly became fatigued. The soldier, on the other hand, accustomed to marching and spurred by the hope of returning to his own barracks that same night, maintained a stiff pace. When the peasant's pace lagged from time to time he was stimulated by a blow from the soldier's gun-butt.

The afternoon was waning when the weary Cosma arrived at Florita. The gendarme handed the post-commander the order from headquarters demanding the peasant's appearance. The commander stroked his bristling mustaches and studied the order with a scowl.

"The reason for the arrest is not stated here. Who knows what crime he's committed? He may be a deserter, or even a Communist—perhaps both."

Turning to the gendarme from the first post, he shouted, "And such a Communistic deserter was brought here without being manacled! That's inexcusable stupidity! That wouldn't have happened at my post. Put this wretch in a cell till tomorrow morning!"

Two soldiers stepped forward and seized the peasant. He instinctively raised his arms; the movement netted him several blows on the head. He was grabbed by the arms and dragged to a cell, into which he was flung bodily. When the door closed he stood up. The ceiling was several

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inches lower than his head; it was impossible to stand upright. The dungeon was empty of furniture; there was not even a sanitary fixture. Weary from his journey and bruised from being beaten, Cosma lay down on the bare stone floor and fell asleep.

In the early morning Cosma was awakened by the point of a boot. He tried to scramble to his feet, but the boot landed in his ribs again.

"Get up, you Bolshevik dog! You've had enough sleep!"

He got to his hands and knees but a kick in the face sent him sprawling. He finally managed to stand up. Two gendarmes grabbed him. His hands were twisted behind his back and he felt chain links bite into his flesh as he was manacled.

If Cosma found the march of the day before difficult, today's march was exquisite torture. His body ached from the terrific mauling he had received. The chains which bound his arms became heavier with each step. He had been given no breakfast. The day was hot, and the road dusty. His mouth felt dry as the inside of a lime kiln. The heat rose up in waves; the fields by the roadside shimmered. The shacks he passed as he trudged along danced before his eyes. His pain began to dull even the shame he had felt when people stopped to stare at him. He lost his sense of time. He wondered who he was. It seemed that he had been tramping for years. Life was an eternity of weary footsteps on a dusty road. He stumbled. The gendarme kicked him in the legs.

When they arrived at the noon rest the gendarme removed the chains for a few moments. Cosma stretched his arms. The freedom tasted sweet. Something dawned in the depths of the peasant's brain. He must escape! The emotion quickened his scrawny, toil-worn frame. He looked about craftily. The gendarme had stooped over to tuck his trouser leg securely into his boot. Now was the time! His brain, crazed by heat and pain, did not tell him that the attempt was inevitably doomed to failure. The gendarme yelled a warning. At the same time he raised his rifle. He did not bother to waste the regulation shot into the air, but aimed directly at his target. The peasant, Mihai Cosma, stumbled, rolled over twice and lay still.

★ ★ ★

Two months later headquarters received a report from the gendarme post. The report stated that the prisoner Mihai Cosma, arrested in compliance with an order from headquarters, had been shot dead while attempting an escape. The original order would be found attached to the report. The commanding officer studied the original order eagerly. Mihai Cosma? What was it that he wanted him for? Had he been a deserter? He couldn't remember. Well, the adjutant would know.

"Lieutenant! See what we wanted with a man called Mihai Cosma?"

The commanding officer drummed

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on the desk; it was lunchtime and he was impatient. The lieutenant drew out a white, ruled card.

The major snapped, "Well, what did we want him for?"

"The card doesn't state that we want him at all, Major."

"Well then, consult your duplicate order." The major fretted.

"The duplicate order wouldn't say, sir. It's the same as the original."

"Why didn't you put the reason on the original order?"

"But we never state the reason, Major. That would give us even more work to do. Furthermore, it's none of their business why we want a man."

The major's neck was coloring purple. He hated the subtle insolence of the lieutenant. His temper snapped.

"If you had carried out your instruction and stated the reason in the order, all this would be unnecessary." He brought his open hand down on the desk. The adjutant snapped to attention. "Consult your diary entries for the day the order was issued," he fairly bellowed.

The lieutenant opened a large book on his desk and turned to one of the pages. His finger ran down the page and stopped at one of the entries. He looked up. The major, sitting stiffly in his chair was watching him.

The lieutenant spoke slowly, "Mihai Cosma, we needed the name of his father to complete our records."

—Stefan Ruberg

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PENNSYLVANIA CLOISTER

ABOUT UPSIDE-DOWN FOOTPRINTS AND OTHER FEATS OF THE SPIRITUAL VIRGINS AND BROTHERS SOLITARY

DOWN a crooked country road in Pennsylvania the gaunt old Cloister of Ephrata waits for tomorrow's tourist trade. It will come—bag, baggage and picnic lunch—to stoop through the bowing doors of the Saron, to peer at a lean footprint on the ceiling of the Saal, and to learn that somebody tried out communism in America two centuries ago.

Pennsylvania has finally leaned a legislative ear toward that quiet corner of Lancaster County. A few more years and it would have been too late. Even those heavy-timbered walls and stoutly built roofs are vulnerable to wind, weather and decades of neglect.

Just in time, then, the state's $35,000 appropriation comes along to dust off the Sister's House and the little brown Saal, putting them on the list of places-to-see, like Plymouth Rock, Bunker Hill, Mount Vernon and the rest. People will stand in the low-ceilinged rooms where the Brothers Solitary rose from prayer and calmly stuffed their priceless books and manuscripts into gun-wadding to help fight the British. Someone will tell the story of the Cloister printing press and how it turned out Continental money while the fledgling congress sat in Lancaster.

A sign on the outskirts of Ephrata, well-scrubbed little Pennsylvania Dutch town, points down a dirt and gravel road to the deep wooded banks of the Cocalico creek. The austere roof of the Saron punctuates the greenery of the twenty fertile acres which the state will take over as Cloister land. Originally the settlement reached across a round hundred acres of fields and forests. You could lock out the world there if you chose, for the Cloister had mills, printing press, school, church, bakery, almonry, wood-shop, pottery kiln, granary, looms and basket weaving, stone quarry, orchard and vineyards.

Even with the weeds grown tall and the dust lying thick, the Cloister still has its "fracturscriften" (the exquisitely illuminated German scripts), its fireplace that goes around a corner, its wealth of relics and antiques—and the ancient, crumbling gravestones in God's Acre.

Perhaps part of its dusty charm has been the down-at-heel Seventh Day

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Baptists who guided you through the place for half a dollar and served up a remarkable mixture of fact and legend in their sing-song Pennsylvania Dutch dialect.

Pennsylvania hopes that the Baptists will quiet down. There are only eleven of them left, the tag-end of their church. But they hang bitterly to the state charter which entitles their order to the land and buildings. After a five-year court battle to take away the charter, the state has decided to condemn twenty acres of the land, and with the rest of the money, restore the buildings and establish a maintenance fund. The Baptists, who have lost most of the piety but none of the frugality of their Cloister forebears, would much rather keep on being fifty-cent guides—with the walls crumbling, the antiques disappearing and the woods creeping in.

The Sister's House must look much the same, however, as when the Roses of Sharon padded barefoot up the winding stairs to their little cell-bedrooms. Getting into the cells requires, for non-ascetics at least, a bit of scraping and squeezing through a bowing door which is only twenty inches wide and less than five feet tall. Just a hint to be humble! Inside the scrap of a room, the ceiling is barely seven feet high and the only furniture—then and now—is two narrow bench-beds, equipped with wooden pallets. It's easy to believe that the Sisters, having doubled up their knees, tucked in their spines and propped their heads on wooden blocks, didn't mind getting up after three hours' sleep.

Outside, the house is a wind-scarred gray, boarded with unpainted planks and shingles. It has a medieval air with its tiny-windowed walls rising four stories to the great steep roof and its heavy floor beams pierced straight through and pinned outside. There are sixty-two rooms, put together with only a handful of nails. Iron was expensive and the Solitary believed in using materials they had at hand. They imported nothing, unless their woods and fields failed to produce a substitute. The Baptist guide tells you of coffee brewed from acorns, of roots used for sweetening. You can see for yourself the bowls, plates, chalices and candlesticks made of smooth, seasoned wood, the looms and spinning wheels on which they made their clothing, the doors swinging on wooden hinges and locking with wooden bars.

Men walked on the ceiling of the Saal, the little prayer house. That's the legend they tell you of the footprints across one of the massive beams. And standing in the shadow and hush of the prayer room, you find legend and reality oddly blurred. You almost believe in a Brother Solitary, white robes, beard and hood, rising from some mystic fervor to leave that footprint against the ceiling.

But although your Baptist guide may give you the tale for what it is worth, the records of the Cloister folk themselves have no dealings with such

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humbug. These and other contemporary writings, mostly in German, offer a convincing but prosaic explanation of the ceiling-walkers. The Solitary went barefoot, using protective oils during the frozen winter days. So, the explanation goes, one of them merely walked over the unseasoned timber with his oiled feet, leaving the lean prints to mystify the curious and the credulous for centuries to come.

John Conrad Beissel, founder of the order, was anything but a voodoo man. The stocky little German baker from the Palatinate, who turned convert at twenty-five and became a pietist, placed practicality first on his list of qualifications. He needed it, pioneering through the thick of Penn's Woods to build his first log cabin on the banks of the Cocalico in 1728. He chose well. The fertile limestone soil of Lancaster County has become the richest farmland in the world.

A contemporary wrote that Beissel had "no learning," but that his "simple goodness and native shrewdness" served as excellent substitutes. He "did not weaken his testimony by written knowledge, but began his sermons with his eyes closed, using neither manuscript nor Bible."

But a flame burned in his brain; a passionate belief and sincerity that apparently magnetized people who heard him. By 1740 the heavy walls of the Saron had risen at Ephrata and Beissel had thirty brothers and thirty-five sisters in his community. That number increased to three hundred by the middle of the century. When Beissel died in 1768, the flame went out and the Cloister's day was done.

The Roses of Sharon, or Spiritual Virgins, and the Brothers Solitary, had no celibacy vows forced upon them when they entered the Cloister. Beissel believed that if they "weakened" and desired "love of the flesh," they should be allowed to return to the outside world. The power of his personality, his almost hypnotic flare for leadership, are well proved in the records—he lost only four or five members through marriage!

When a Brother asked him, one day, for a Rose of Sharon in marriage, the abbot nodded gravely. His only request was that the couple come to him and "open their hearts" before finally deciding to leave. A short time afterward he himself performed the nuptials and conferred his blessing. But the confessional proved too potent for the young bridegroom. Eight days later he was back, begging for readmittance. He hadn't been able, he said, even to embrace his bride.

Just as solemnly as he had pronounced them man and wife, Beissel issued a writ of divorcement and took back the penitent Brother. But the little Spiritual Virgin bride rebelled. Cheated of a husband, she went to Philadelphia and told her story to the courts. The astonished judge listened, shaking his head.

"This man Beissel," he marveled, "he can do more than God and King!"

Countryside gossips clicked their

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tongues and winked at the Cloister. The way they said "Spiritual Virgin" implied a question mark. They whispered about the slim footprints found on the pathway to the abbot's door. They raised their eyebrows at the night watches, when the Brothers and Sisters met by candlelight to meditate. Most of all, they hated the Cloister because it was self-sufficient, prosperous, peaceful. Once they fired the nearby woods and ran off to await the flaming Cloister walls. But the wind changed and the blaze swept back to destroy two of their own farmhouses.

The Solitary accepted such things as the natural protection of a kind God. But the neighbors retreated in fear, telling of the white witches and their evil power to turn back fire.

Even today a few of the country folk around Ephrata will talk of a white flicker across God's Acre; a phantom Rose of Sharon, they say, coming at midnight to meet her lover. Sometimes, too, the wind down Zion Hill has a crying sound, like an old Aeolian harp. Their great-great grandmother's grandmother told of that same sound, a deep thrumming melody at night. What they had heard was the famous muted choir of the Cloister.

Anyone charmed by the choir and entering the Cloister for a life of song and prayer and easy hours must have left with aching bones after one disillusioning day. Beissel believed in the communistic principle; his followers worked alike, shared alike. Their Spartan schedule was not geared to human frailties. It was doomed to die with the abbot, for it needed his fire and inspiration to keep it alive.

At first the Solitary slept—on their five-foot boards with block pillows—only three hours a night, from nine o'clock to midnight, when they rose for the night watch of prayer and meditation. But even the uncompromising Beissel had to admit that three hours' sleep and twelve hours hard labor didn't add up properly. He eased the routine to five hours' rest!

After the Battle of Brandywine, the Cloister was turned overnight into an emergency hospital. Fever-stricken Continental soldiers stretched on the floors, tended by the Roses of Sharon. More than two hundred died and were buried on Mount Zion, the wooded hill overlooking the Saron. For years, the only mark was a simple inscription placed by the Solitary—"Here Lie Many Soldiers."

Now the Cloister has been re-discovered. Mr. and Mrs. Public will come to call. The state must be on guard to save the weathered beauty of the Saal and Saron from hot dog stands, ballyhoo and souvenir salesmen. The Cloister is not a museum. It is just a quiet corner where another way of life has left its mark, a way of life that ended in God's Acre "at the spiritual age of fifty-six." Seeing it, worn and lonely in a busy, streamlined age, is worth anybody's afternoon.

—Janice Devine

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ROOMING HOUSE ANTHOLOGY

MERVIN CARVER

This is Mervin Carver
Everything was going smoothly but now he is vexed
He is a young divinity student, of the stamp known as Modernist
Everything was going smoothly but now he is perplexed
He has got to make his first Easter sermon
What in God's name does a Modernist talk about Easter
Christmas yes but Easter
He is toying with the idea that it may be better to skip the sermon
And just have singing.

LESLIE BLAND

This is Leslie Bland
He is an aesthete
And a strict classicist
He sneers at the back to Bach movement
He has never been anywhere else *but* Bach
He is sensitive to form
Beauty is what matters, not utility
All material preoccupations represent futility
He is divinely divinely sensitive to form, musical and metric
If he lost an ear
He would immediately chop off the other one
For that would not be symmetric.

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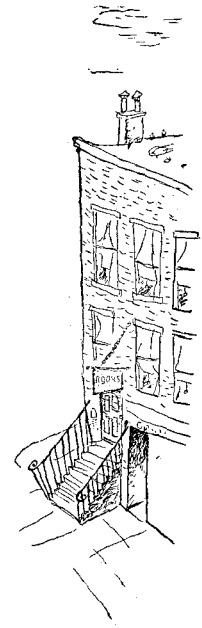
GEORGE CARTWRIGHT

This is George Cartwright
This is some country he says
People who have college degrees
Are jerking sodas and digging ditches
I have little hope for a country
Where even people who have college degrees
Jerk sodas and dig ditches.



CHARLIE BROADWAY

This is Charlie Broadway
This is some country he says
Even people who jerk sodas and dig ditches
Have college degrees
I have little fear for a country
Where even people who jerk sodas and dig ditches
Have college degrees.

PETE HOGLUND

This is Pete Hoglund
He is kind of hard to figure out
Is he a crank or an idealist
He rails against privilege and wealth
He is bilious and incessant
He listens to the Ford Sunday Evening Hour
And the General Motors concert every Sunday religiously
And refers malignly to the Medici of Detroit
And administering melodic aspirins to the great American headache
He is kind of hard to figure out
Because he has little sympathy, kindness of heart
Sometimes he talks about how so much luxury is making us soft
He doesn't seem to love the poor much, just hate the rich
Maybe what he's getting at is an equal distribution of poverty.

—PETER DE VRIES

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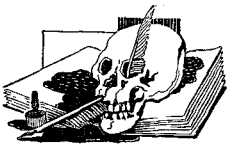
FORGOTTEN MASTERPIECE

MODERN WRITERS HAVE YET TO CREATE THE EQUAL OF THE BLOOD-CURDLING MELMOTH



THE writer who carried the so-called Gothic novel to its highest point of development was never popular, and may now fairly be described as forgotten. Most of the novels of Charles Robert Maturin have never been reprinted, and even his acknowledged masterpiece, *Melmoth the Wanderer*, has not seen a new edition since 1892. Yet both Scott and Byron thought well of Maturin, and *Melmoth* specifically thrilled Rossetti, Thackeray, Victor Hugo, Baudelaire, and Edgar Allan Poe. Balzac wrote a satirical sequel; Stevenson may have been indebted to it for *The Bottle Imp*. One such reader as these is worth hundreds of the ordinary variety—with such genius marching under his banner, surely Maturin must be worth what Carl Van Vechten would describe as an excavation.

He was an Irishman, born in 1782 of French Huguenot ancestry—by profession a clergyman. A good clergyman, it is said—a faithful priest and an effective preacher—despite his amazing idiosyncrasies. He liked to write, we are told, in a roomful of people, covering his mouth over with flour-paste lest he should be tempted to take part in the conversation, and sometimes wearing a red wafer on his forehead as a sign that he must not be interrupted.

Maturin understood his own gift. "If I possess any talent," he said, "it is that of darkening the gloomy, and deepening the sad; of painting life in extremes, and representing the struggles of passion when the soul trembles on the verge of the unlawful and the unhallowed." Yet not all his work is Gothic in character.

To be sure, sensational incidents occur in Maturin all along the line. *The Wild Irish Boy* has a plot which makes Thomas Hardy's in *The Woodlanders* seem very tame, and in *The Milesian Chief* we have a girl who believes herself to be a boy because her mother told her so, and who suffers all the tortures of supposing herself perverted when she falls in love with a man! But for the real Gothic thrill we must go to *Melmoth the Wanderer*, 1820.

Modern neglect of *Melmoth* is a strange phenomenon. Despite its complicated narrative structure, the book

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is not difficult reading, nor should its undisciplined character quite carry the day against it in a country where form in fiction has always been so little respected as in England. Melmoth is the Faust and Mephisto of Goethe rolled into one, with strong suggestions of the Flying Dutchman and the Wandering Jew. Having bartered his soul to Satan, he has been roaming the world since the middle of the 17th century in a vain search for some one who will exchange destinies with him. Like the genius of suicide, he manifests himself only to those in the last extremity of man's need, a sinister figure with eyes "such as one feels they had never seen, and feels they can never forget," and when "the unutterable condition" is communicated, the sufferer always recoils in horror.

The contemporary John Melmoth, who is, in a sense, the hero of Maturin's novel, first hears of his terrible ancestor when summoned from Trinity College, Dublin, to attend the deathbed of his miserly old uncle in County Wicklow. Maturin achieves a fine realistic picture here of the wild rustic Irish, and the supernatural element does not enter until, John having come across a portrait of the Wanderer with his terrifying eyes, the old man confesses that he is dying of fright. After his death, John destroys the portrait and reads the manuscript history written by an Englishman, Stanton, who twice encountered the Wanderer, first in Spain in 1676, where he was leaving death and destruction in his wake, later in England, when Stanton himself had been confined in a madhouse, at the instigation of his designing relatives. Here the Wanderer had offered freedom on the usual unspeakable condition.

Melmoth himself appears briefly before his descendant at this point, but the latter does not learn much more about him until a Spaniard, Moncada, being wrecked on the coast during a terrible storm, tells the story of his life. Moncada's tale is played against a terrible background of monastic life and the Inquisition.

Born before his parents had been married, Moncada was consecrated to the monastic life from his birth, to expiate his mother's sin. He resists, and a chain of persecutions is begun which does not end until he has been tried by the Inquisition and sentenced to burn in an *auto-da-fé*. During his trial, the Wanderer has repeatedly visited him in his cell to proffer deliverance.

He refuses it on the Wanderer's terms, but when a fire breaks out, he is able to escape. Moncada flees through an underground passage, where he finds a learned Jew. This Jew gives him a manuscript to copy out, and in it he reads one more of Melmoth's adventures.

Here and here alone, the Wanderer himself occupies the foreground of Maturin's canvas, appearing on an exotic island as the wooer of a girl,

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Immalee, whom a contemporary reviewer well described as "a species of indular goddess, a virgin Calypso of the Indian Ocean."

Maturin is at his very best in his portrait of this child of nature who grows into tortured womanhood through her love for Melmoth. The Wanderer himself appears in the first part of this episode in a rather sympathetic light. He enters the picture as a tempter, but finding that innocence cannot be corrupted, he desists from his quest. Yet he brings Immalee to grief in the end, for when we next see her, she has been reunited, in Spain, with the parents from whom she had been separated in infancy, and is struggling desperately against civilization, against etiquette, against Maturin's old bugbear, the Church. It is to Melmoth that she now turns for refuge, and in one of the most hair-raising scenes in all fiction, she marries him, at a ruined monastery in the mountains, her hand being placed in his by the cold grip of a hermit who, as she learns afterward, had died the day before! Another tremendous scene occurs at the ball, where Melmoth reveals himself to the family of Isadora (as she has now come to be called). Having killed the girl's brother, he leaves her to be cast into the prison of the Inquisition, together with their new-born child. The resemblance to *Faust* is very close at this point. The baby dies, and the mother is accused, unjustly in this instance, of having killed it. Her own death cheats the executioner and it cheats Melmoth, who, true to form, had appeared before her in prison, in the vain hope that she might save him from his doom, now at last close at hand, by renouncing her own salvation.

With Isadora dead, we return to Moncada and young Melmoth, to whom the Wanderer now appears, announcing that the term of his prolonged existence has at last come to an end. He shuts himself up in a room, where, during the night, a terrible struggle takes place. In the morning it is empty, and there are footsteps leading out to a rock that overlooks the sea.

As will be readily perceived, this is eccentric story-telling with a vengeance. Yet the book as a whole is such a virtuoso's performance as can hardly be matched in the range of English fiction.

"There are no quiet scenes of motionless figures in *Melmoth*," Miss Edith Birkhead has remarked. "Everything is intensified, exaggerated, distorted. The very clouds fly across the sky, and the moon bursts forth with the 'sudden and appalling effulgence of lightning.' "

One may love *Melmoth* or one may hate it. But one cannot safely ignore *Melmoth*—it is too big a book for that—and therefore one cannot see it fall into what Grover Cleveland called "innocuous deseutude" without venturing a protest. Perhaps some American publisher will yet be stimulated into taking a chance on a new edition.

—EDWARD WAGENKNECHT

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THE USES OF ANGER

JUDICIAL EVALUATION OF THE SHORT-TEMPERED CUT TO DOMESTIC HARMONY

You don't like violence, he said to me, but I'm not sure that you're right. Human beings are so made that they yield more easily to fear than to tears. If you hold a solution to be right and can only make it triumph by a threat, then the threat itself becomes right. Haven't you noticed in daily life, in families, households, friendships, that anger often allows us to secure in a few seconds what the most tenacious and wisest persuasion would have been powerless to achieve in years? Without counting the fact that a scene clears the conjugal atmosphere, as a storm clears the summer sky.

It's true, I said, that anger is sometimes effective. I myself who am not of a naturally violent temper, as you know, have noticed that if, by chance, I become furious, I sweep away obstacles forthwith and get what I wanted without a struggle.

You acknowledge, said he, that violence may be necessary?

I acknowledge, said I, that in certain quite rare cases when good sense and affection have foundered, anger may be useful. But it seems to me that its usefulness depends entirely on its rarity. The anger of a gentle person carries all before it; that is a fact. But why? Because it creates an effect of surprise and also because those who have been the object of it say to themselves that they must have been a hundred times wrong to have provoked such an unusual manifestation. Maddened sheep are dreaded.

Yes, said he, but all the same tigers are more feared. Clemenceau's rages were frequent; they did not frighten anyone the less for it.

I'm not sure of that. In certain factories, I've known those irritable managers who find everything wrong, who scold all day long and who think they are managing their men with an iron hand. As a matter of fact, as soon as they turn their backs, the mice dance. "Papa So and So? they say, a fire-eater. Lots of noise; little action. We have only to let the tempest blow over. Tomorrow he will no longer think of it." Thus does authority spend itself. On the other hand the chief who has only been angry three times in his life, but three times which were followed by terrible effects, holds

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dreaded forces in reserve . . . Napoleon only became angry deliberately and because he judged that a scene was indispensable. These planned furies of which the hero remains the master are those which succeed the best. Lyautey, too, sometimes abandoned himself to conscious violence.

Leave alone, if you please, the military men who have a severe code at their service. In conjugal and family life, I maintain that a true anger, one which no longer knows what it does or says, is also the one which produces the surest effects. It frightens because we divine it to be without check, without limits; it does not leave any rancor because it appears involuntary. It is the best instrument for governing. A father of a family incapable of becoming angry? Why, his children would be monsters, old man.

I prefer to reign by the consent of my subjects, said I to him.

The subjects, said he, quickly become weary of consenting . . . Anger, old man, anger . . . At the first rebellion, you will come to it.

—André Maurois

TELLING TALES

A strange tale is related about Richard Burton, translator of *The Arabian Nights*. He was very anxious to journey to Mecca which in his day was as forbidden as it is today to all except Mohammedans. And those who have read his *Pilgrimage to Al-Madinah and Mecca* will recall how he disguised himself as a physician from Cairo and dyed his skin with henna and said his prayers at sunrise and at sundown in true Mohammedan fashion.

He journeyed with a caravan of pilgrims that once each year traveled the long road to Mecca to worship in the Kaaba, the Holy Cube or Temple. He had a boy with him, for a physician was a gentleman of rank and it would cause suspicion if he traveled without a servant.

But one night something strange happened. A part of his clothing had become undone and his white skin showed through for only his hands and face had been dyed. The moon was bright. The servant was sitting beside his master and Burton noticed that the youth had made a discovery that would surely cost him dearly, and prevent him from reaching Mecca. Fortunately, through some strange occurrence, the boy was found stabbed and dead in the morning. The fortunate traveler was free to continue his journey.

Some years later Burton married the daughter of a physician. After the wedding ceremony, his father turned to him rather curtly and said: "Richard, how does it feel to have killed a man?"

"Jolly well, doctor. You should know." —Manuel Komroff

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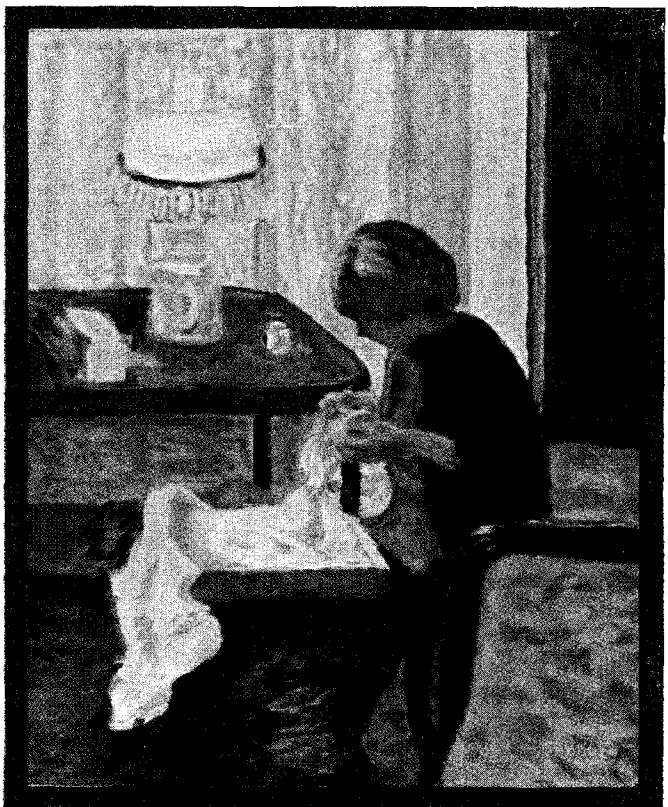

COLL. M. JAVEL

SEVEN PAINTINGS BY PIERRE BONNARD

In the catalogue of a recent exhibition, Bonnard is dismissed with a line. But the line reads: "One of the greatest of the contemporary painters." With that dictum most critics agree, though the precise size of this septuagenarian's mantle must await a more final verdict.

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COLL. MME. MELET-LANVIN

THE LUNCHEON

Bonnard's first start appeared to be a false one. He was more of a decorator than a painter, turning out everything from theatrical scenery to posters. But in 1891 he began to find himself when he joined the younger artists of the group known in Paris as the Independents.

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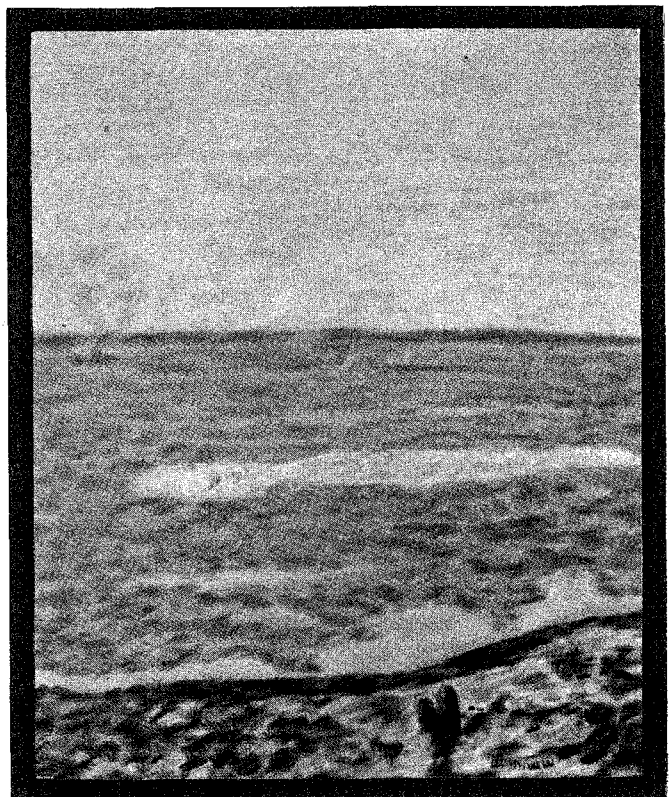

COLL. THE LATE ÉLIE FAURE

MARINE

It was Bonnard's good fortune that during his formative years the painting of France was breaking away from its traditional moorings. Thus, there were such potent revolutionaries as Cézanne and Monet to clear the way for him, just as he in turn has done for later innovators.

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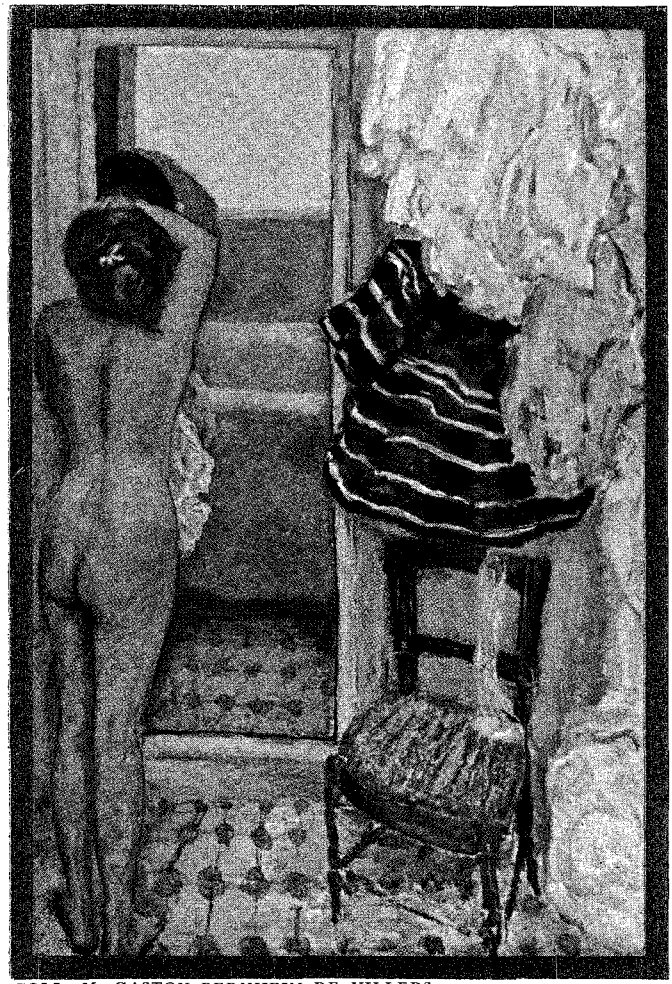

COLL. M. GASTON BERNHEIM DE VILLERS

NUDE AND BLACK PETTICOAT

Bonnard's subject matter is derived from intimate scenes in the monotonous adventure of life. He would scorn to make his subjects exciting in themselves. To him they are merely pretexts for the creation of new forms—painted in a way nobody has dared to see them before.

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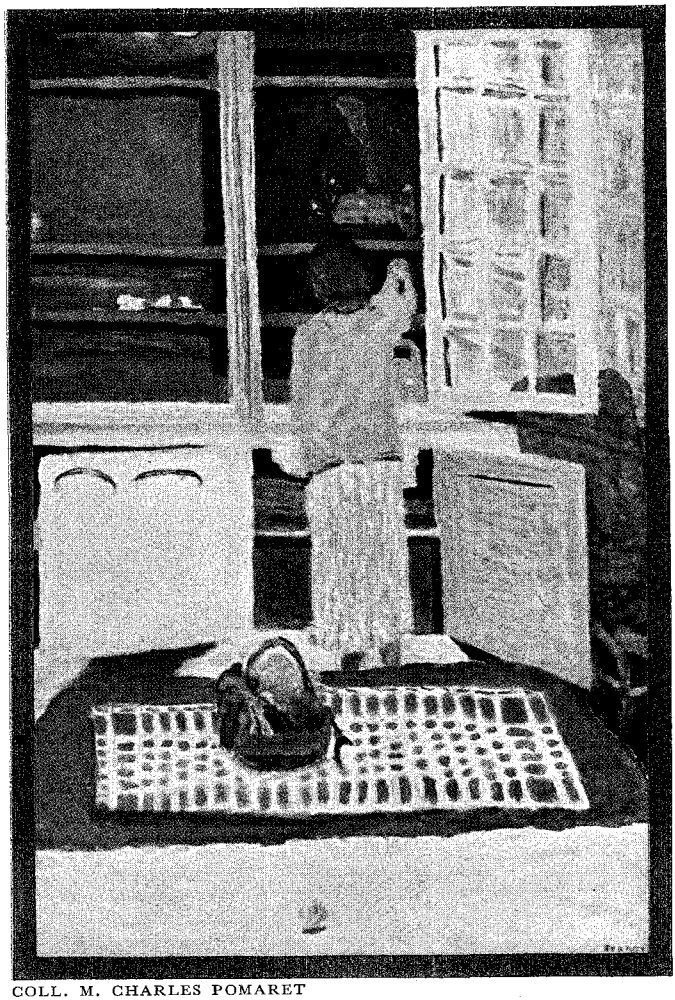

COLL. M. CHARLES POMARET

THE CUPBOARD

The easy innocence of Bonnard's approach has often been compared to that of a child. One thing at least is certain—that, in the paintings which emerge under the spontaneous brush strokes he piles on in such marvelous disarray, self-consciousness touches a new low.

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PETIT PALAIS, PARIS

THE TEA-PARTY

Sometimes it seems as if Bonnard loses the way and no longer knows how a face or a hand should be finished. But here he is invariably rescued by his mastery of color, concealing the occasionally imperfect modeling of his figures in a misty harmony of diffuse tones.

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PETIT PALAIS, PARIS

THE BREAKFAST

Leon Worth emphasized Bonnard's chief negative virtue when he pointed out his exceptional freedom from the "strategic touch"—that unfortunate tendency of a painter to strut in front of his subject like a general and stiffly line it up at the command, "Attention!"

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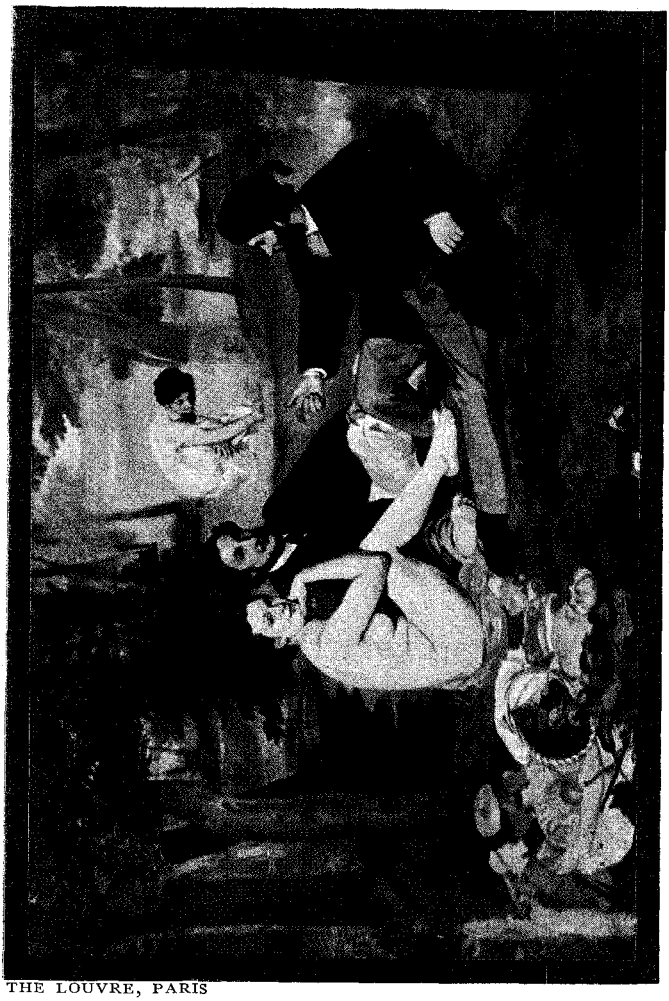

THE LOUVRE, PARIS

LE DÉJEUNER SUR L'HERBE BY MANET

Entitled *Le Bain* by the artist but derisively and permanently rechristened "The Luncheon on the Grass" by a critic, as described in the article beginning on the next page, this is Manet's famous precedent-shattering painting and one of the most controversial of all time.

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PREDESTINED REBEL

CONCERNING EDOUARD MANET, FATE'S CHOICE TO LEAD THE REVOLT AGAINST TRADITION IN ART

PARIS in the year 1865. The Empire was drawing toward its close, an end which was nevertheless not yet in sight, nor even predictable. The engineer de Lesseps was nearing the triumphant day when the Empress Eugénie in the imperial yacht should lead a procession of ships through the newly completed Suez Canal. Eight years earlier a poet named Charles Baudelaire had outraged the decencies by publishing *Les Fleurs du Mal*, and although he had been promptly arraigned before the courts, the ripples created by the sensational event had not yet died away. There was a growing murmur of revolt against established authority in art, music and letters. The Academy had never been stronger, nor more secretly resented. Yet two years earlier the first signs of the incipient insurrection had been apparent. A large picture entitled *Le Bain*, promptly and indignantly rejected by the official Salon, had been exhibited at the *Salon des Refusés* instituted at the Emperor's command as a concession to a number of rejected painters.

The picture was the work of one Edouard Manet. It showed a smiling nude seated on the grass in the company of two bearded young painters, with the remains of an alfresco luncheon in the foreground. The nude was realistically executed, and bore an evident likeness to the handsome model, unlike the nudes then in vogue among the accepted masters, who invariably idealized them in a pseudo Greco-Roman manner imitated from the Renaissance. A shudder of repulsion, indignation and distaste ran through polite society in Paris. One fashionable lady protested that "a mother could no longer take her daughter safely to the Salon." It was painted, contrary to the prevailing principles of French painting, in clear tones throughout, without the sharp opposition of light and shade then rigorously exacted. A critic re-christened the picture, in derision, *Le Déjeuner sur l'Herbe*, and such its title has remained.

But now a fresh outcry arose. The Salon of 1865 contained a canvas by the same artist entitled *Olympia*. It represented a nude half seated, half reclining on a bed, with a yellow

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Indian shawl abandoned beside her, her face insolently turned toward the beholder, her left hand concealing what the prudent painters of the day invariably covered with a fold of drapery. Her eyes were darkened with kohl. And most audacious note of all, on the foot of the bed stood an obscene, a Baudelairean black cat, with arched back and arrogant tail.

The storm of controversy which broke over the painter of this fiercely contested exhibit, following on the outcry which greeted *Le Déjeuner sur l'Herbe* at the *Salon des Refusés* two years earlier, made him suddenly notorious. Parisians turned in the streets to gaze curiously after the tall, handsome and elegantly dressed young man who had excited this wave of indignation and disgust. He was caricatured in the newspapers, lampooned, made the subject of ribald couplets in the café concerts of the day.

Edouard Manet was then 33 years old. He was born in Paris on January 23, 1832, the son of eminently bourgeois parents. At 16 Edouard suddenly left the College Rollin to sail to Rio de Janeiro as cabin-boy on the cargo steamer *Guadaloupe*. He felt no particular vocation for the sea. But he had threatened to run away on the first available ship if his parents refused to allow him to study painting. The worthy magistrate who like many French bourgeoisie of his time held the arts in horror, took him at his word, and himself took his son to the port of Hâvre. He was then a slim and delicate youth, with pale and gentle features of a distinction which even the rough blouse of a ship's boy could not conceal. He sketched assiduously: sailors, ships, scenes in the South American ports. On this voyage he had his first lesson in painting. The ship's cargo of Dutch cheeses had been superficially damaged by sea water. The red glaze of the cheeses had been washed off. Manet offered to repair the damage and set to work industriously to restore to the cheeses their rich red luster, in which task he succeeded.

Between his return from this voyage and his eighteenth birthday the parents of Manet had relented. He was permitted to enter the Academy of Couture, an excellent portraitist if a dull historical painter. Couture said to his pupil one day in scorn: "You will never be anything more than the Daumier of your time," a remark which suggests that he thought even less of Manet than of Daumier. Soon after this remark was made Manet left Couture's studio to work independently. He copied Titian and Velasquez at the Louvre, went to Holland and came back enthusiastic over Frans Hals, visited Dresden, Munich and Florence. After Frans Hals his principal discoveries in painting were Velasquez and Goya, and these two masters were to influence the whole of his work. From 1859, when he painted *The Absinthe Drinker* and *The Boy with the Cherries*, the in-

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spiration he had received from the Spanish school was never entirely absent, but his own strongly individual personality nevertheless emerges even in his earliest painting. He reached maturity early, and in some respects he never surpassed the achievements of his early thirties. His *Woman with a Glove*, painted in the Florentine manner, has been compared to the *Mona Lisa* of da Vinci.

The Absinthe Drinker was refused at the Salon of 1859. Three years later his *Lola de Valence* was hung at the Salon of 1862. Then came the famous *Déjeuner sur l'Herbe* at the *Salon des Refusés* of 1863, and the equally famous *Olympia* at the Salon of 1865. The *Olympia* had been conceived and painted two years earlier, the year of Manet's marriage with the daughter of the Dutch sculptor Leenhoff, but Manet was so dismayed and discouraged by the scandal provoked by the earlier exhibit that he did not dare to risk another explosion in the following year. He was finally encouraged to submit it by the entreaties of his wife and by the stimulating sarcasm of his friend Baudelaire, who wrote: "I must speak once more about yourself. I must try to show you what you are worth. What you insist on is really ridiculous. They laugh at you? You are annoyed by their jokes? You cannot get justice done you? But do you think you are the first man to be treated thus? Have you any more genius than Chateaubriand or than Wagner? They were both laughed at, and they both lived it down."

Manet yielded to such arguments. The *Olympia* was accepted and hung, and a storm of abuse, of ridicule and of protest burst over the sensitive young painter's head. Overnight the timid and solitary Manet found himself a rebel, but a rebel with an army of followers. He had all unconsciously and innocently provided a latent revolt with a rallying cry and a flag. The clear whites and roses of *Olympia* were the colors of the rebel army. Realism, the return to nature, the rejection of the browns and bitumens of the schools of the day, the palette lightened of somber and earthy tones, limited to the brilliant colors of the solar spectrum—the growing convictions of a Claude Monet, the patient search of a Pissarro, the ardors of Cézanne and Bazille and Guillaumet suddenly found confirmation and cohesion under the standard and example of Manet.

The Academy promptly took its revenge. In 1866, the jury of the Salon rejected Manet's brilliant study of the boy fifer of the Imperial Guard, together with his picture *L'Acteur Tragique*. But the movement was now well under way. The mere fact that Manet was the most bitterly condemned and derided painter of his time made him the predestined leader of the new movement, and for a time at least the leader yielded to the enthusiasm of his disciples for *plein air*

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painting and himself abandoned the studio for the out-of-doors.

The impressionist, or more precisely the open air, manner of Manet lasted until 1875, and then he returned to the studio. He was not an outdoors painter by conviction. He had surrendered to the ardor, the enthusiasm of his followers, as many another leader had done before him, and had been carried beyond his will. He was essentially a painter of urban life, and especially of the urban interior. A Parisian born, he first presented his contemporaries with a realistic picture of the Parisian scene. The locomotives and railway lines and smoke of the Gare St. Lazare, over which the windows of his studio in the Rue St. Petersbourg opened; the racehorses at Longchamp, the boulevards, the villas of Passy with their balconies and Nile green garden chairs, and above all, the studies of the Parisian woman.

Manet was, and remains, the supreme interpreter of the Parisienne of the Second Empire and the early years of the Third Republic. The women of Renoir belong to no race or period. The women of Degas are almost pathological studies of humble types surprised at their task or their toilet. But the women of Manet are neither idealizations nor clinical studies. They are the women of the bourgeois Paris of his time, highly individual, capricious, passionate, elegant, radiant in love, in beauty, in young maternity. He had emerged from his impressionist period with his love for Goya and Velasquez unmodified. He still drew with the brilliant precision of the Spanish masters. His brush strokes were surer than ever. But his eye was less cynical than Goya's in his maturity. His women are painted with tenderness and with an admiring hand. Their eyes are large, dark and lustrous, delicately ringed with the blue fashionable in the age. Their mouths are soft and yielding. They are clothed in all the mystery of their sex, a mystery which the century of Manet enhanced like none other. They wear veils, ribbons, scarfs, furs, flowing robes, muffs, flowered or ribboned hats, flounced skirts, capes, and violets in their corsage. In general, unlike Renoir, whose mutinous-mouthed and rosy nymphs are invariably in the flower of young womanhood, the women of Manet are all of the age of maturity. They are, or seem to be, women who have passed the age of innocence, and have reached the age of adventure. To his eternal regret, the subjects of his portraits were rarely gratified. It seemed his fate to be equally scorned by the academic world of art and by the fashionable women of the bourgeois world into which he had been born and in which he took a Parisian's delight in living.

On the other hand he enjoyed to the end the esteem and affection of the Impressionists, even after 1870, when the friendly meetings at the Café Guerbois had been discon-

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tinued. With Monet, in particular, Manet maintained warm relations until his death. Himself in relatively easy circumstances, not wealthy but not at any period forced to sell a canvas at any sacrifice in order to purchase the sheerest necessities of life, he watched the struggles of the Impressionists with compassion, and frequently gave them discreet assistance.

During the last years before his premature end, stricken by locomotor ataxia, Manet stirred no farther from his studio than Tortoni's. Painting outdoors was now not only uncongenial but denied to him by his physical condition. He became almost exclusively a studio painter, more and more preoccupied by the Parisian scene. He made many studies of women, some of them unfinished. A great lassitude overcame him toward the end. He abandoned oil for pastel, sketched feverishly and cast the incomplete studies aside. Toward the end he betrayed his secret feelings of disillusionment. He had, he considered, failed to achieve the reputation which he felt to be commensurate to his talent. His friend the novelist and playwright George Duval found him, one day in 1883 some months before his death, gesticulating on his bed and waving a newspaper in a fury.

"Read this," he exclaimed. "They dare to prefer that imbecile Boldini to me. The world of art has become a tower of Babel in which painters and brokers and financiers and musicians and men of letters live indiscriminately together. Whose fault is it? Why that of the journalists. A writer who learned to perform on the trapeze would save fifteen years of hard struggle. For the love of God, when will journalists begin to ignore the clowns? When will they cease to create reputations at which they are the first to mock in private, at the expense of those whom they only dare esteem under their breath?"

He died in 1883, at the age of fifty-one, and was buried in the cemetery at Passy. A few contemporary artists, among them the irritable but now contrite and sorrowful Degas, followed him to the grave, and also many women. For with his death the reputation which he had so ardently and bitterly envied in others came to him in full measure. He became the leader of a new movement in aesthetics. The Impressionists who had seen in him a precursor and a prophet, and from whom he had early separated himself by taste and conviction, were still in the midst of their struggle for recognition at his death. But the posthumous celebrity which came to Manet cast some of its light on their obscure figures.

The reputation which came so belatedly has in no wise diminished. He is and will remain one of the great modern masters of painting. But in his case there is no internal drama to excite the curiosity, the wonder and the admiration of posterity. The novelty and even audacity of his early

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Salon exhibits gave him a social notoriety which could not altogether have been displeasing to an elegant young bourgeois of the Paris of the 1860's. He was frequently, but not *consistently* (as in the case of Cézanne, Monet and Pissarro) rejected by the Salon, but in the end he challenged and overcame the resistance of the juries.

The internal struggle in his case was one of frustrated vanity and ambition, and not one of artistic scruple, or of artistic failure. His works do not betray the heat and passion of a Claude Monet wresting from nature the secrets of light, or a Renoir caressing the infinite contours of a nude, nor do they contain anything of the cerebral excitement and concentration of the hermit of Aix en Provence absorbed by the problem of volumes in an arrangement of green apples. He continued to be cited as a master of the Impressionists, although with the passage of time it is more and more difficult to reconcile his art with that of Monet and Sisley, Renoir, Cézanne and Pissarro. Like Degas, he was a realist.

The Impressionists were as romantic, in their own manner, as Gericault and Delacroix. The sources of his inspiration were Velasquez and Goya. Those of the Impressionists: Turner and Delacroix, Corot and Chardin. By birth, character and predilections he was a member of the Parisian upper bourgeoisie, loving the gay life of the boulevards, the bright and animated conversation of cafés, clubs and salons.

The pictures of Manet are those of a generous and gracious mind, sensitive to light, to color, to emotion, to contrast, to gaiety, to elegance of form and feature, to the soft and flowing lines of silk, to the *volupté* of material things of many sorts, velvet, brocade, jewels, flowers. What distinguished Manet from the Impressionists, as from the academic artists of his day, was his superior civilization. Manet was in every respect and to the highest degree civilized. And he was civilized in a manner peculiarly French.

There was, despite the indignant protests of the old gang, both order and clarity in his most condemned pictures. The *Olympia* now seems to us as clear, as chiseled, as crystalline in its symmetry and clarity as a sonnet by Baudelaire.

He had no need to express his exquisite sensibilities in terms of pseudo-Roman or pseudo-Greek history, like his master Couture and others of that generation of painters. He reacted to, and reflected, the most subtle elements in the Parisian civilization of his day.

That is why, long after their quality of painting and color, their charm or their qualified realism has ceased to interest, the works of Manet will continue to excite curiosity and admiration as the perfect expression of the manners, modes and spirit of the Paris of the third quarter of the 19th century.

—GEORGE SLOCOMBE

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THE MUSIC LESSON

IT WAS A NOBLE EXPERIMENT, BUT WHAT CAN YOU DO WITH A NATURAL-BORN BASSO PROFUNDO?

OLD Steve Kenna sat on the doorstep of his cabin and played one note on his accordion. Just one note, over and over. A low note it was, maybe G or F or something down there. Steve stabbed one key when he pulled the bellows out, then he'd switch over onto another knob when he squeezed the instrument together again, and each time it produced the same note, over and over.

"Hear him?" asked Steve.

"Sure, but he's still away below your note."

"I know," sez Steve, and he made the accordion squawk some more.

Well, you can't talk much with a man when he's concentrating on something, and in the evenings Old Steve sure did tend to that accordion. At first a feller was inclined to laugh, hearing Steve play one note over and over while down in the pond below the shack that bull frog sang on another note. Back and forth the two notes droned, Steve high and the frog low.

Steve's accordion wasn't much higher, mind, but just enough to make it noticed. The frog was exactly three full notes down scale from Steve's key: we'd tried it out one time and found that out.

"You think he'll change his tune, eh?"

"I'm hoping," sez Steve, and he pulled the bellows out.

"But what difference does it make?" we wanted to know.

Steve played away for a while before answering.

"Makes no difference, maybe. I'm just seein' if I can coax him to have ambition an' come up in life."

But he wasn't being funny, you understand; he was dead serious when he said it, and you couldn't laugh. He'd been spending all his evenings for upwards of a week, ever since the frogs came out and started singing, a-sittin' there on his doorstep a-playin' that note on his old accordion, three, four, maybe even five hours a night.

"Has he changed any at all?" we'd ask after an hour or so.

"Nary a shade," said Steve, and he batted off a mosquito. "He sure is one stubborn frog."

And he went on playing, patient as could be, and he played until the night

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breeze blew and the stars moved round and the white-throat bird hushed up and quit its silver song along about midnight. The frog kinda eased into a quiet spell then, so Steve folded up his wind-box and climbed into his bunk, sighing.

Next day we went off fishing again, natural as could be, but nothing could stop Steve getting out his accordion right after the supper plates were washed and starting up that one note tune.

"There he is," we said, listening hard until the frog tuned in. "He's still three notes down."

"Uh-huh," sez Steve, and his face was all screwed up earnest in the evening light. We wanted to laugh again, but somehow it didn't seem right, an' after we'd been smoking there beside Steve an hour or so, there came times when the frog would be slow at answering and we'd let the pipes go out an' lean forward tense, waiting just like Steve and hoping that this was the time when the frog would change. But he never did, and we'd get exasperated a bit and look at Steve kinda angry until we got to puffing again and could listen peaceful and impartial till the next time we got worked up. And the same thing would happen.

"Lordy be," sez Steve, at the night's end. "He sure is one stubborn frog, all right."

Well, it went on that way, every night for two solid weeks. Got so we cut our fishing short along about sundown, even though that's when the big trout rise best. But we'd wind up our lines and coil away our leaders and hustle back to Steve's cabin to get supper over so's Steve could get out that instrument and start in. Spring was flushing up to its full bloom, and the big bull frog was a going concern those nights and sometimes he'd cut loose with his vocals even before Steve tuned in.

But every time he stuck tight to his low key, and Steve was three notes above him. Over and over, all night long until maybe one, two o'clock in the morning. Gosh, it kinda got in the blood, sittin' there straining the ears, hoping a new hope every time that this next frog note would be the same as Steve's tune.

See, it got important; you couldn't help feeling it. Like it was taking something that had all been fixed and settled ages ago and setting out to change it slap bang, like that. Us men, sittin' there on Steve Kenna's cabin step, bucking our minds against the huge big mind o' Nature. Like that fuss they made about splitting the atom, only this was away more ambitious, if you see how I mean.

"Any difference?" we'd ask Steve at the end of each night.

"Nope."

So we'd all kinda sigh and go quiet off to bed. Began to make us feel like we'd tackled more'n we could manage. But next night, back we'd come early and hurry through eating to get out on the porch.

Well, the night things happened the

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bull frog let Steve tune in first. Steve played away easy, holding down the key and drawing out the bellow folds slow to lengthen the note, then switching quick onto the other knob and squeezing in gentle and unhurried and easy-like. Then he'd pause, waiting on the frog to answer. But the frog kept quiet.

"Lazy tonight," sez Steve, for the sun had sunk and the red was fading out of the sky. "He's considerable behind schedule."

"Maybe he's gettin' over his singing," we said, worried at the thought. "The spring's pushing right along, you know."

Steve didn't say a word, just playing again slow and mournful. But we could see he'd wrinkled up his brow at the idea we'd mentioned. He didn't like it.

The stars came out and the sky went dark, and still that frog kept quiet. Other frogs, over across the pond, were plenty noisy, but none of them interested us at all. We was wondering about our own particular croaker, listening for him.

Steve played on, then he said, halting-like:

"Sure hope no old heron nabbed him today."

It put another angle on it, a danger we hadn't much recognized before. It was an easy enough possibility, too, and it made us feel bad just to think about it. We felt we knew that frog.

"Sure hope not," we said, and we grew quiet all round, staring down at that sheet of star shining water and straining our hearing.

Then it happened, clear and plain. A frog sang up, and it sang the same identical key as Steve's accordion.

"We got him!" yelled Steve. "He done it!"

He reared right up on his feet, did Steve, his accordion clutched in his trembling hands, and he pulled out them bellows and him and the frog tuned along together, neck and neck. Until Steve didn't take stock of what he was doing, and sudden-like in his excitement he pulled that instrument clean in two.

Of course, his note broke off sharp in mid air.

"It don't matter!" shouted Steve, and he threw the broken parts up in the air an' he yelled: "We done it! We raised him up!"

Golly, it was just like we'd bust open some hidden part o' the world an' was standing there lookin' in, seein' for the first time all kinds o' close guarded mysteries and feeling that now we knew all about it. Sure! You got to understand that it was a tremendous big thing and it gave us a big feeling, awful big.

But it didn't last; it crashed spang around us next breath. Because that had been a new bull frog which had sung up.

The other frog, he'd been off gallivanting or something, but he came back right then and he tuned in. And he was still three notes low.

—Kerry Wood

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THE PICNIC * * 1960

AH, FOR A SPRING DAY IN THE SOCIETY OF THE FUTURE WHEN JUST TO BE ALIVE WILL BE BLISS

"HURRY, children, and get your things. We're all going on a picnic," cried Mother cheerfully, rolling back the steel shutters of our drawing room skylight. It was a lovely day with pale yellow mustard clouds on the horizon and faint bursts of distant shrapnel over Russet Ridge. Far off to the south wisps of green—traces of a recent phosgene attack—were rapidly disappearing. The sun was high and there wasn't a plane in sight. My little brother Waldo was already in the hall trying on his new Model K5 Government approved gas mask and pirouetting up and down in front of the mirror with a heavy service revolver, the little rascal.

"What about the five o'clock barrage, Mom?" called out Ethel from her sub-level boudoir carved out of solid rock just under the Grenade Room. Dad heard her in his study and laughed.

"Not a chance today, dear. Government radio says the Green planes won't be over until tomorrow. We've got the new Mark III masks, our all-purpose touring tank, and the whole afternoon ahead of us. Let's go!"

"But where?" asked Mother, a bit petulantly, I thought. Poor dear. She was so eager. What with all the housework and the afternoon phosgene attacks, she really hadn't been above ground for a month. "But let's not go to the old picnic grounds," she added with a sigh.

"Oh, don't be a gloom, Mother," called out Ethel, who was still listening.

"I don't mean to be, dear. But I can't help recalling those radio grenades the Browns brought over last May. They ruined the best garden party I've had in years. Twenty of my nicest guests wiped out—and the lawn was a sight."

"Then let's make it Bixby's Cove," decided Father. "There's a swell new bombproof for picnickers there in case of trouble. And it will be nice by the water."

We all thought Bixby's Cove a great idea. There were just six of us in the family — Mother and Dad, myself, Ethel who was just eighteen, Arthur, twelve, and Little Waldo, who had brought down a five-seater plane on his eighth birthday, just a week ago. Not bad for a youngster. And we were all looking forward to the picnic.

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"If we go to Bixby's Cove," said Mother, "be sure and take the Worthington water tester along. Those Shelton children went in bathing last month without a tester, turned bright green, and died within a week. And I don't want anything to worry about today after that five-hour barrage last night. And that reminds me, Edward, there was a direct hit on that new Roebuck armored cow pen. I think we need some new cows."

Dad grumbled a bit, but he was soon bustling about the tank and called out to me:

"George, will you get out the drills and tubes of cordite? And you may as well add a couple of trench mortars."

"What on earth is all that for?" asked Mother, busily sorting cartridges on the library table.

Dad grinned.

"I thought if we went to the shore we might get a chance to blow up the Stimson's new boat house."

Mother burst out laughing.

"Why of course, the very idea. It'll serve that horrid old Mr. Stimson right for putting that bomb in Grandmother's convertible tank last spring. That was a lovely machine and cost Ben more than $10,000."

"Better take along some extra masks, George," Ethel cautioned me. "And Dad, how's about a small tank of DX Mustardene. If those Wilson boys show up I want to give them a nice reception. They knocked off three of my escorts at the Country Club last month."

"Oh, forget it," bantered Dad, "you weren't even scratched, were you?"

We were all in a merry mood, carrying out baskets of equipment and stowing them in the tank, when there was a disturbance in the back hall followed by a loud report and Arthur's voice raised angrily. Wisps of blue smoke floated through the hallway.

"Oh, dear," sighed Mother, "I wish those children would let Uncle Ben's guns alone. I told them they can't be fired off in the house any more."

Arthur came running out of the playroom, pointing to a bullet hole in the neckband of his new sweater.

"Mother," he cried, "look what Little Waldo did!"

"Waldo," said Mother sternly, "just for that you can stay home and put new plating over the asparagus bed. Look at that sweater!"

Well, we finally drove off, and we were only stopped once when Old Agent K26 at the Corners gave Dad a summons for not carrying a new Mark V Model IV Home Owner's Dynamite Gun in the tank. Dad forgot it in the kitchen ever since getting rid of Old Man Blackwell at the Taylor's party.

We skittered gaily around the shell holes and sped on to Bixby's Cove without further incident. How the old place had changed! We hadn't been down there for a month and high explosives had done a beautiful job on the big cement dance pavilion and there must have been two or three hundred bodies piled up against the old wharf. Mother was indignant.

"What's the matter with the County

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Cleanup Squad?" she asked Father. "Why I helped make Mrs. Preston chairman of the committee only last week. They can't leave people lying around like that. When I was chairman," she added proudly, "we made a tour of the country half an hour after every raid."

"Oh forget it," said Dad. "It was his favorite expression. "Forget it. We're on a picnic aren't we?"

Well we found a nice stretch of beach and laughed and played games and spent only half an hour in the shelter while a squadron dropped some practice bombs in our direction and finally droned away. So we came out again and Mother wondered what Little Waldo was doing and finally we sat around making plans to visit the Government's Century of Reaction Exposition in October.

"It ought to be marvelous," said Dad. "They've preserved five live trees for the main building and there's going to be several square feet of real grass, two stuffed robins, and part of a horse that survived the big Phosgene Wave in 1945."

Ethel looked worshipfully at Dad.

"Popsy, you've really lived a wonderful life haven't you? What was this crazy old world like when you were a boy?"

"Listen girl," said Dad affectionately, "Just let the past alone—and be glad you're living at last in an era of complete freedom. Frankly, things were pretty screwy when I was a lad. It seems there were nothing but issues in those days. But fortunately, the Era of Extermination was inaugurated about 1940. First, of course, the bankers and industrialists exterminated the bourgeoisie; then the Fascists exterminated the bankers and finally the Communists got rid of the Fascists. For a few years everything was quiet. It was a very abnormal situation. Then some chap with a spark of genius—the last of the Anarchists, I believe—suggested the inauguration of the Era of Freedom and the extermination of Communists and the elimination of anyone advocating any kind of an issue whatsoever. And so today, anything goes. It's just every man for himself and lots of fun on Sunday. I tell you, children, we're lucky to be alive these days."

"Don't we know it," said Mother, laughing as usual.

"And best of all," added Dad brightly, "there's absolutely no unemployment and—why, Arthur, what's the matter with your hand?"

"I haven't got any hand," said Arthur, who had run up, whimpering a bit. "I held that last Mills bomb a second too long. But I'll get that Morelli kid yet."

"Good boy—here's the iodine," said Dad sympathetically, "and now home to Villa Mon Repos."

Dad, whistling nonchalantly and keeping one hand in his pocket, held the car door open for Mother, but Mom smiled and shook her head. "Oh, you get in first, Edward," she said, "and turn the tank around. Then we'll all get in." —HOLLISTER NOBLE

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MIGRATION OF THE INDIANS

Continued here from last month is a series of engravings of American Indians from *L'Univers Pittoresque*, an early French historical work with illustrations by Vernier and accompanying text by de Rochelle. Shown above are stragglers following the trail of the hunters in their "nomadic search for subsistence."

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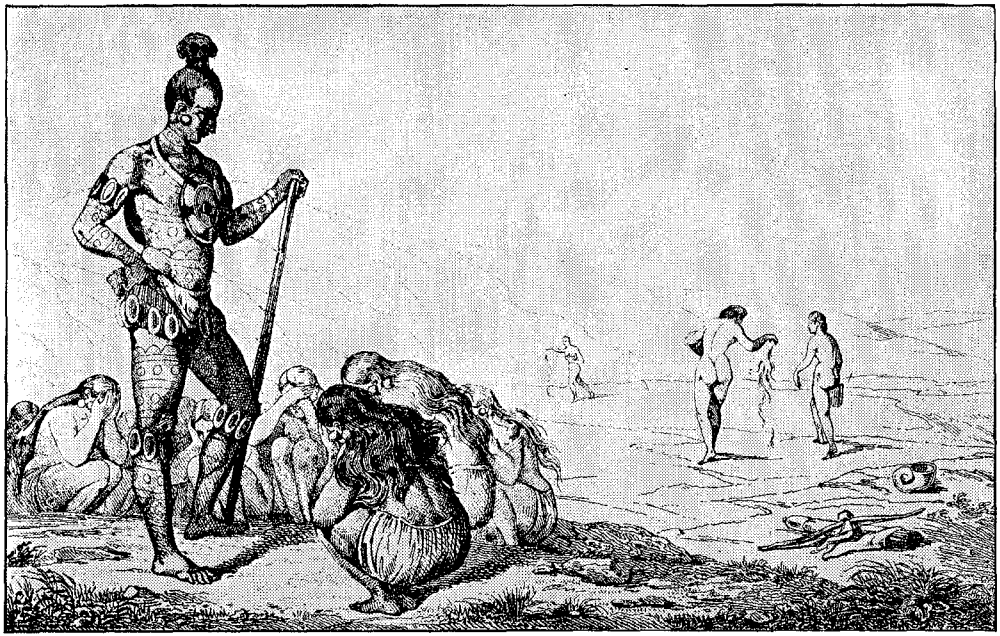

SUPPLICATION OF THE WIDOWS

"The Natchez, in revolt against the Indians of Coosa, engaged them in victorious battle. Thereupon the widows of those warriors of Coosa who were slain in the conflict threw themselves upon their knees before their chieftain, imploring vengeance. Some cut off their hair and scattered it over the ancestral tombs."

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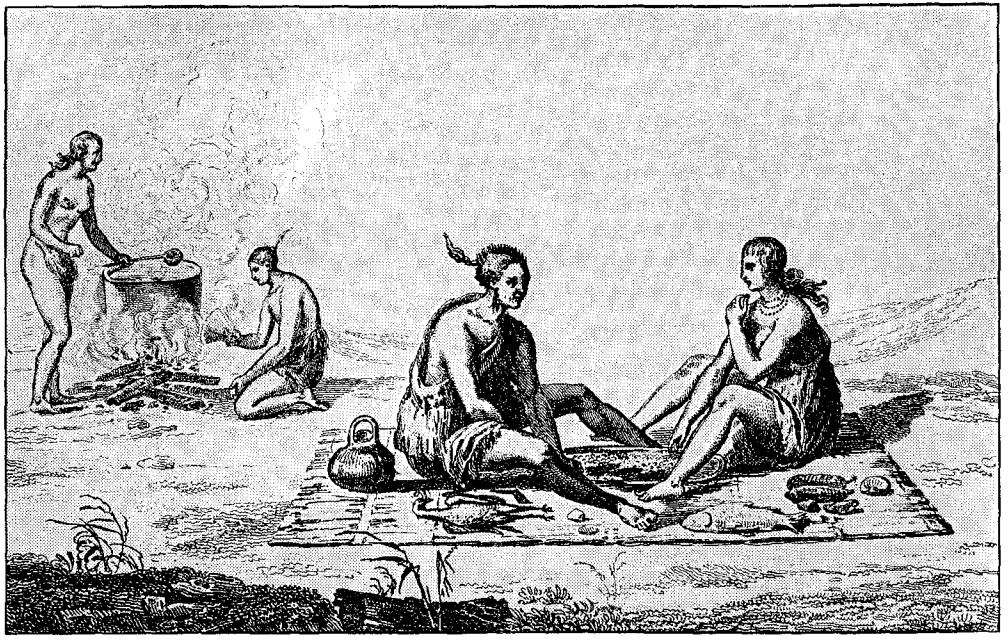

PREPARATION OF AN INDIAN MEAL

"They cook their food over an open fire or in wooden vessels, the water brought to a boiling point with hot stones. But they do not disdain to rend the raw flesh. Nothing is regulated in their nourishment; they will go without food for several days and then, if food is abundant, gorge themselves to excess."

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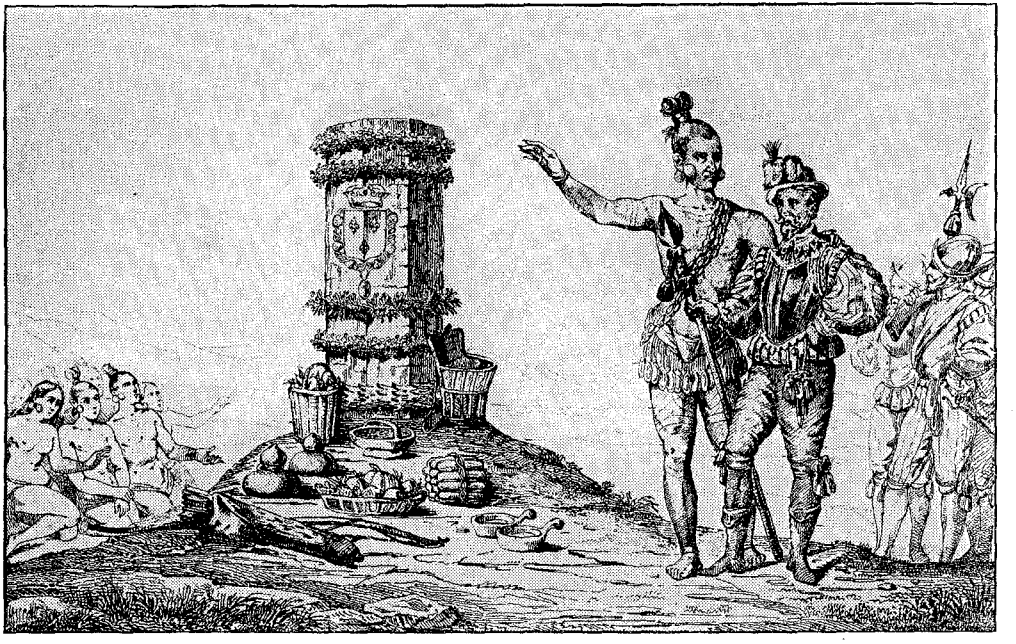

THE TREATY OF LAUDONNIÈRE

"At the column erected by Ribaut two years before, Laudonnière concluded a pact with the Indian chieftain. 'We are warriors sent to you,' he said, 'by a Prince who governs all the East. Much distance have we traversed and many perils have we surmounted to form this bond of confederation and friendship.' "

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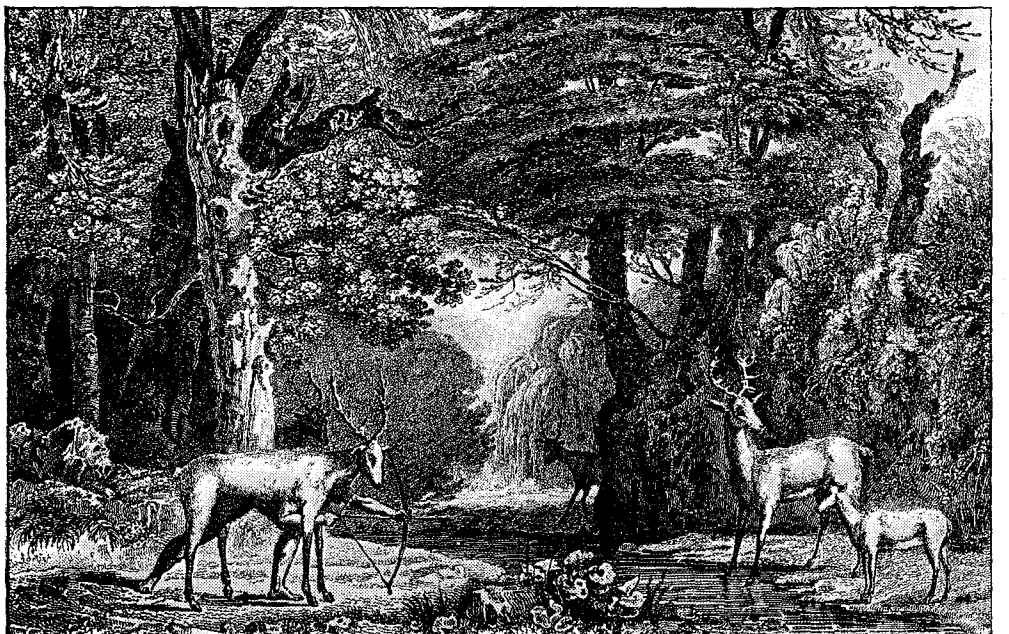

A STAG HUNT

"The savages kill their prey with bow and arrow or snare them in traps. Sometimes, that they may approach them the more closely, they cover themselves with a skin like that of the animal they are hunting. The animal believes to recognize his own species, exposing himself to the arrow that pierces his body."

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INCREDIBLE MERCURY

MEN BATTLE OVER QUICKSILVER BECAUSE, AFTER ALL, WE COULDN'T FIGHT OUR WARS WITHOUT IT

IN THAT part of the world where Don Quixote once jousted toward immortality and where Loyalists and Fascists now write a bloody story, the world's richest deposits of cinnabar lie buried. And cinnabar bears mercury, King Pin of war.

Mercury fulminate, an organic compound of mercury, is the only successful detonating agent known for high explosives. Without it not a gun could fire. Further, this silvery, fluid metal, aptly termed quicksilver, threads the gamut of man's practical needs more divergently than any other possessed by him.

In a kaleidoscopic, war-minded world, these facts attain significance when it is recalled that cinnabar, occuring in widely scattered regions, is richly deposited with mercury in but a few mining areas.

First and greatest of them all is Almaden in Spain, a mine which has contributed largely to the world's supply of mercury for more than 2,000 years. Idria in southern Austria, now owned by the Italian government, is second. These two mines yield 90 per cent of all European quicksilver which amounts to more than 80 per cent of that of the world.

One of the reasons why Italy continues to keep her finger in the Spanish pie may well be mercury. Already in control of Idria, were she to dominate a Fascist vanguard, she would have a virtual monopoly, and the implications are enough to furrow the brows of rearmament moguls. Besides forming the detonating caps of all high explosives, mercury, as yellow mercuric oxide, is used in tremendous quantities by every well-kept navy in the anti-fouling paints which maintain swift, smooth-running keels. And no war could run efficiently for very long without sanitation which involves tons of bichloride of mercury.

While mercury's most vital contribution aside from war is in the field of pharmaceutics, many of its daily uses are more apparent. The mirror which reflects your image so faithfully has been painted with a background of mercury compound. Mercury nitrate was used in the "roughing" of the split rabbit hairs that were eventually blown into your favorite felt hat. Your dentist may have packed an

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amalgam of mercury into some of your molars. He is a large user of it. Your golf greens have been treated with a mercury salt to prevent brown patch. The seeds which grew into the vegetables you ate for dinner probably were sterilized with one or another of the mercury compounds.

When it comes to thermometers, barometers, thermostats, steam gauges, or floating bearings for the revolving lenses of beacon lights, you know the answer.

Because mercury is so easily extracted from the ore where it usually occurs as cinnabar, the red-flecked sulphide of mercury, it has been man's right-hand metal since the infancy of history. The process is really that of distillation and the ancients, chancing upon it, used basically the modern method.

The ore is crushed and heated. Beginning to volatilize at a temperature of 360°F., the metal goes into vapor form, is passed through cooling pipes to condense and trickle out as pure mercury.

We have it from Agricola, the Roman general who whiled away his quieter moments by compiling a weighty tome on metals, *De Re Metallica*, that the Greeks, and more especially Aristotle, first recorded a knowledge of the pure metal. Certainly before the year 100 B.C. Dioscorides produced metallic mercury by pulverizing cinnabar and heating it in an iron dish. The Greeks, too, lent the name of their winged god, Mercury.

Almaden, lying south of Madrid, is so great and old a mine that its history goes back to antiquity. Worked almost continuously since 500 B.C., it still holds reserves estimated to exceed the total world needs for another century to come.

We first hear of it in the days when Rome dominated the world. According to Pliny, a reliable old gentleman on many matters, cinnabar to the extent of 10,000 pounds was brought to Rome yearly from Hispania. Evidently the poisonous effects of mercury were already known, for the Romans, being a considerate lot, passed a decree that free men should not work in the deadly quicksilver mines. Thereupon slaves, with undesirable criminals, political and otherwise, were herded aboard proud Roman galleys and sent across a perilous sea to be landed at Malaga and marched to Almaden.

With the fall of Rome and the ascendancy of the Moors in the Iberian peninsula, Almaden became and remained for nearly 500 years one of the richest jewels in the Moorish crown.

An alchemist among them, about the year 900 A.D., produced the first salts of mercury, thereby opening the door to later vast pharmacological discoveries.

When he mixed his metallic mercury with sodium chloride—common table salt in case you've forgotten—and heated it, producing bichloride of mercury, this Moorish chemist little

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dreamed that 900 years later another great scientific explorer, Louis Pasteur, would beseech his colleagues to use a solution of this same compound as a sterilizing agent against the invisible bacteria whose presence he was only then suspecting—or guess that within a thousand years tons of this same white powder would be used to expedite a World War.

As mercury bichloride, then, it traces the history of sterilization technique. As mercury chloride, or calomel, for centuries a favorite dosage, it remains today's most widely used liver and gall bladder stimulant. As ammoniated mercuric chloride, it combats fungus infections. Your prescription for athlete's foot will include phenyl mercuric nitrate. In blue ointment, it is used to check vermin, and as yellow oxide, or neo-salvarsan, a soluble salt of mercury, it is used in the treatment of syphilis. A little mercurochrome on that scratch? Twenty-three per cent mercury. No less than forty different compounds of mercury adorn your pharmacist's shelves, while in one form or another it is still one of the most powerful disinfectants known.

In general, our peace time consumption of mercury splits into approximately 60 per cent for chemical and pharmacological uses; 25 per cent for various types of explosives, fireworks, and munitions; and 15 per cent for dental and industrial uses where the pure metal is required. But the wartime split is another thing.

Even more significant to the United States than to the world at large, are the mercury maneuvers of Italy and the Loyalists. We enter the picture, first of all, as the third cinnabar producer of the world with deposits scattered principally along the Pacific slope, almost always low grade and with but one or two exceptions small. This means two things; that the mining of quicksilver is profitable with us only when prices are high, and that the industry remains in the hands of numerous small operators. A notable exception is New Idria, recently taken over by the Hoovers. Our second greatest producer in history, it still shows extensive low-grade deposits.

That we do not produce enough mercury to meet our increasing industrial demands is evidenced by imports figuring at 7,815 flasks for 1935 and increasing to 18,088 flasks in 1936. A flask, it may be noted, has been standardized at seventy-six pounds. It is a small iron container about as big around as an ordinary quart milk bottle and about twice as tall.

During the first half of 1937, that figure jumped to 15,000 flasks and still increases, but this does not reflect a doubling and trebling demand. Rather, it points to the paradox that mercury is as good as gold bullion in the markets of today.

With the building up of munitions, prices on mercury have jumped. Now it follows that the Spanish Loyalists and the Fascists alike might just as

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well convert reserves of mercury into cash at favorable figures. And this is what they have been doing since January of this year when the quicksilver cartel, amounting to an agreement between the two, was wastebasketed. Because mercury counts as gold in the United States, whereas in many another country it is good merely for return credits, a large percentage of newly released European mercury now comes into our ports.

That our government will take some advantage of the present but perhaps fleeting plenitude of mercury is attested by the last appropriations bill authorizing $3,500,000 for the purchase of strategic metals, high on the list of which will be mercury.

The future of mercury is hard to predict. Italy, with her limited gold reserves and tremendous military expenditures, is making the most of it. The Loyalists, hard pressed for the munitions of war, haven't the gold and haven't the credits. But they do have mercury and it serves them well.

If by some stretch of imagination the world stays peaceful, the demand for mercury will reach the saturation point, prices will tumble, and no one —except the producers—will care particularly.

But with the first gun-fire of a major conflict, mercury, the fulminate of which ignites so quickly that it must be retarded in order to set off the explosive in a shell, will be bought and hoarded as the war-maker's best friend—*the* indispensable metal.

Which means that one key to forthcoming events in the Orient—China is buying extensively—and in the powder-box of Europe, may be locked within the old and bony but tenacious arms of Almaden. —D. S. ROSIER

THE CITIZEN BEAUTIFUL

A LECTURER on art spoke before a group of men in an industrial city. His topic was "The City Beautiful," and he urged upon them the duty of trying to put more beauty into their surroundings. At the close of the talk, a leading citizen came up to have a few words with the lecturer.

"I enjoyed your talk," he said, "though I didn't agree with you. The fact is that we have no time here for beauty. The prosperity of this town is due to hard-headed, practical men. We are doing things and can't bother to think about being beautiful."

"Yet," retorted the lecturer, smiling, "you yourself are seeking beauty, according to your lights. You may not have found it, but I know you are aiming at what you think makes for greater attractiveness."

"No, you're wrong," insisted the hard-headed practical man. "I'm not interested in beauty."

"Then," said the lecturer, "if you don't mind my being so personal, will you please tell me why you have dyed your whiskers?" —FRED C. KELLY

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JEALOUS OF THE IRISH

HOW ABOUT TRYING OUT THAT WHISKY TENOR ON THE STRAINS OF "MY WILD WELSH ROSE?"

WHEN an intriguing young man named Thomas George Paul John Farr recently exchanged a series of blows with a colored American youth christened Joseph Louis Barrow, some scores of millions of people, all over the English-speaking world, heard his breathless remarks at the end: "I've got plenty of guts—that's old Tommy Farr, you know. I'm a Welshman."

Farr said he was a Welshman. Three million men and women from the tight little corner of Europe which gave him birth had been waiting for many many years for someone to plug that over a world-wide hook-up. As a race, I'll say it frankly, we are jealous of the Irish.

We are jealous of the English, the French, the Germans, the Russians, the Italians; we are jealous of the Americans. Yes, but most of all we are jealous of the Irish. We just can't see why everyone in America knows all about Ireland, likes to take Irish names, sing Irish songs (what there are of them) crack Irish jokes and visit Irish beauty spots, if any. We think you should do these things with us.

Wales is one of the smallest countries in the world, right enough, but that is no reason why it should be, as it certainly is, one of the least efficiently publicized. Although, by every reasonable criterion, we have far better claims to the label "a nation" than either Scotland or Ireland, it is practically impossible to find a man (an average man, a man in the street), in a European city, who knows that Wales exists.

You try to tell them about Wales. I've tried it. Tell 'em about the language. They listen, dubiously, skeptically, finally nodding knowingly and saying—and this is the ultimate insult—"No doubt it is an English dialect."

This of a language as different from English as is Greek, which has ten different words for one English word, which boasts art-forms and poetic rhythms unknown in any other language, which attracts scholars from all over Europe.

The Welsh are not a popular race. The English don't like us much, but we don't allow that to worry us. The English have verbs "to Scotch," "to

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Jew," "to Welsh." There are subtle distinctions. "To Scotch" is to get the better of someone, vigorously, even ruthlessly but not exactly unfairly. "To Jew" is to swindle, right enough, but there is that suggestion that the mug deserved all he got. "To Welsh," however, is just sheer mean, "caddish," as the English would say. It is like taking the money out of a blind man's tin. When a bookie tries to clear off without settling up, that's "Welshing." And that word is used all over the world. Maybe we've been "Englished."

The English are convinced that we are dishonest. A lot of Welsh girls work as servants in London; the English, who don't mind having them because they do a lot of hard work without grumbling, say they tell lies and steal silk stockings. The English have a rhyme "Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief." But we have our subtle and secret notions about property and abstract Truth, because we are odd, tortuous people. George Meredith, who was of Welsh blood, said: "There are two natures—Human Nature and Welsh Nature!" Prof. J. B. S. Haldane, the biologist, recently contributed an article about the English to an American review in which he referred to this unpopularity of the Welsh and said that for himself he found us quick-witted, emotional and, if you please, delightful. This is probably the first time we have been called delightful, and I think it is just as well the article wasn't printed in Wales.

The English find us cock-sure and offensive. This is curious, because we ourselves are rather proud, by this time, of boasting of our racial sense of inferiority, and a national pastime in Wales is using this as an alibi for failure to make money or hit the headlines. There are a lot of Welsh in England today, right enough—about 100,000 in Liverpool and probably a quarter of a million in Greater London—and if we have not the commercial insidiousness of the Armenian in Istanbul or the blatant acquisitiveness of the Corsican in Marseilles and Paris, at any rate, we are not doing so badly.

Welsh politicians are shrewd, flexible, telepathic fellows, who once they abjure principle, become extremely useful servants of the vested interests. David Lloyd George, J. H. Thomas, Frank Hodges and others are men who have gained considerable rewards for their services to John Bull, Inc., from time to time. Wales specializes in helping the Empire to turn nasty corners. A Welsh family, the Tudors, took over after the crazy gang-warfare of the Wars of the Roses; Cromwell was a Welshman named Williams; Lloyd George tackled a job in 1917 no Scot or Saxon was at all keen on.

Welsh politics today are complex. The tradition in Wales is Liberalism, which was Wales' way of showing she wasn't for downright British jingoism, but today the industrial South is solidly Socialist with strong Com-

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munist leanings. The tradition in recent English politics suggests that if ever there is a revolution in Great Britain it will come through a general strike. This strike will be forced by the miners, nearly a million of them, and it will be forced on the miners by the South Wales Miners Federation, the most militant organization of its kind in Western Europe. Here we come to a little man whom America has probably never heard of, and very few people in Britain know anything about. Known to every industrial worker in South Wales as "Arthrorner," the S. W. M. F. President Arthur Horner is a diminutive bespectacled Marxist who means business and whose business is a Soviet Britain. Thoroughly respected even by his hard-bitten opponents, Horner is probably the most important man in Wales.

In the United States, Wales has made her mark chiefly in New England and in Pennsylvania. The early settlers in Maine and Connecticut and Massachusetts were in many cases Welsh, great believers in tolerance and freedom (from one of them, that keen equalitarian J. Pierpont Morgan is descended). The iron and coal industries in Pennsylvania owe much to Welsh skill and labor. Round Scranton and Pittsburgh thousands of Welsh families still live.

Welsh names are not uncommon in U. S. politics. Jefferson Davis was of Welsh blood. So were several presidents. That quaint character, "Puddler Jim" Davis, "the Boy who couldn't be President" (because born in Wales) is another. The illustrious John L. Lewis had a Welsh father. Bill Green, his beloved enemy, had a Welsh mother. Those two lusty gentlemen who have given Roosevelt so much trouble, Charles Evans Hughes and Owen Josephus Roberts of the Supreme Court, are the sons of Welsh fathers.

Among the arts, there is Myrna Loy, whose real surname is Williams, the daughter of a Welsh father. D. W. Griffith, the man who made your cinema, had Welsh parents. Frank Lloyd Wright, who made skyscrapers beautiful and beautiful skyscrapers, comes of a Welsh colony in Wisconsin. Arthur B. Davis, whom James Huneker called "America's only genius," was the son of a Welsh minister. Frank Harris, who amused America, was born in this country.

Americans rarely come over here to see us. Few Welsh people get over to America; for the most part, we are not rich, although Welsh sailors get around the world energetically, only to pull silently at their pipes when they get back. We never sent over the five million that Ireland sent to you, after the potato famine. The English didn't treat us quite as badly as that. Peaceful penetration is our method. It works fairly well over here. Maybe it has given us a small stake in America too.

—Glyn Roberts

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A CURE FOR ANNABELLE

IT'S CALLED THE PSYCHOLOGY OF SUBSTITUTION, BUT IT DIDN'T WORK OUT ACCORDING TO FREUD

I SELDOM pass a pet store without thinking of Alex Baker. Invariably I recall meeting him on a busy uptown corner some three years ago in the van of three mulish Pekingese. What a picture. Everyone was laughing at him, and with good reason for never had any dogs so scholarly and distinguished looking a valet as my tall, lanky friend.

"They're not mine," he almost shouted in a stiff-lipped protest, "they're Annabelle's."

I made him think I didn't believe him and to be truthful I was a bit puzzled because I remembered an occasion when I had thoughtlessly visited the Baker home with my Boston terrier, Rip. The terrier to my consternation, promptly started an animal uprising in the Baker hut, then dominated by five sleek and pampered Persian cats, which I firmly believe was reported as a triple murder three blocks down the street.

Upon being reminded of this incident Alex nodded gloomily. "I know," he said. "That's what gave me the idea."

"What idea?" I asked, wonderingly.

Alex tried again to get the Pekes to shift gears but they remained locked in neutral. He muttered something under his breath and continued irrelevantly. "Those cats finally got in my hair. I could almost say that literally. They were coming between us, Charlie. Annabelle thought more of them than of me."

He shook his head meditatively. "I knew I had to get rid of those cats. So I figured this. One dog would replace the cats. That would help a lot and it would be best for Annabelle too."

"But Annabelle doesn't like dogs," I put in.

"She didn't like your dog," Alex amended, "but I figured she might become attached to a different sort of a dog. So I went over to the pet store and told the man to send over two nice dogs on approval."

"What happened?" I asked curiously.

"The pet dealer sent us these three dogs about a month ago," replied Alex wearily. "Annabelle is crazy about them. Griselda, Felicia, and Sybil she named them." Alex's voice broke.

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"But you got rid of the cats," I suggested.

"No," he said, "and there are sixteen of them now, the original five and eleven kittens." I saw his Adam's apple slowly descend. "And Griselda there got away from us some time ago and now Annabelle says I must be very careful of her. She's—she's—— well you know——"

"But all those dogs and cats," I gasped. "Don't they raise the roof?"

At this Alex broke down completely. His hand shook and his slight frame trembled. "I tell you Charlie," he babbled, "my home is a madhouse. I've been brooding and brooding over it and today I went over to the pet dealer and bought that young bear he's got in the window."

It was sometime before I could find voice. "But good Lord, man!" I exclaimed, "You can't bring a bear into your home!" I had no idea that Annabelle's complex had so affected him.

"Oh, I can't, can't I?" he sneered, belligerently, and I knew then that he had been drinking. "Well, you call around in a week or two and I'll show you. And if that doesn't work I'll get a s-sea lion or an alligator. I'll cure Annabelle of this pet business if it's the last thing I do."

Unfortunately, I never saw Alex again after this for more than three years, during which time I was on the West Coast. When I saw him again recently I could not believe my eyes. Actually he seemed years younger. And most surprising of all he was wheeling a very shiny baby carriage.

After admiring his baby, I inquired its age trying not to betray my great curiosity, for I had not forgotten the dogs and cats, and the bear.

"A year old next week," said Alex, beaming. "And say, she's the smartest little thing. Why only yesterday she—"

"I'll bet there is no room in your house for dogs or cats these days," I interrupted him, unable to curb my curiosity. "Or bears?" I added.

"No, nothing like that now," he mumbled, coloring. He mopped off his forehead. "The—the baby's name is Marilyn," he went on hurriedly.

But I was not to be put off. "But—but the bear?" I asked. "Did you—did Annabelle——?"

"Yes," admitted Alex throatily, "she did. She made a pet out of him like the others. He was very tame." Alex's eyes had a pained faraway look. "I might have stood for that but she—she named him," —Alex choked— "she named him after me."

I looked at the baby. The thing still didn't make sense.

Alex must have read my thoughts for he added hurriedly, "Can't you come over tonight, Charlie? I'd like you to meet Mary, my second wife."

That, of course, explained it but there was still another question which needed an answer. "You—you lost Annabelle?" I asked.

Alex nodded, then looked away from me. "Annabelle," he mumbled, "married the pet store proprietor."

—Glen F. Stillwell

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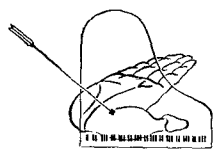
PORTRAIT IN OUR TIME

ERE THE LAST NOTES OF THE "RHAPSODY IN BLUE" HUSH AND FADE IN THE NIGHT



UNCLE DAVE said it. He said, "I'd rather own one rich relative who doesn't look at me than six poor ones who hang on my neck!"

Right after this, as if it were a sign, Minnie, our rich cousin looked at us, indirectly of course, but she looked, reaching through the mails with a pair of tickets to a concert. "Perhaps you can use these," her secretary wrote.

Perhaps we could. At first we tried to give them away. Nobody wanted to go. The intellectuals scoffed at jazz. The others said they preferred The Palais Royale where you could *dance* to Paul Whiteman.

So we went, Uncle Dave who loves to get things for nothing, and I, who have no ear for music.

Sometime during the performance, it might have been toward the end of the first half, a man walked across the platform, and, even from where we were sitting, you could tell he was very young.

He paused at the piano which stood in the center. We heard a metallic clink, like the sound of a coin shooting through a slot. He smiled, sat down and gave an imitation of a player piano in a honky-tonk restaurant.

I don't remember whether the audience cared for this. More than likely they were surprised. I do remember his hurried walk, the long-legged hasty stride of one unaccustomed to parading in front of a crowd.

Later, probably near the end of the second half, Mr. Whiteman made an announcement. They would present, he said, a jazz composition which this young man had written for the occasion.

Then the orchestra played, accompanied by the composer, so new, so well-groomed, so politely seated at the piano.

I remember how that performance vested him with a kind of glamor. And I repeated his name. And the name of his piece. George Gershwin. The *Rhapsody in Blue.*

★ ★ ★

Meeting him proved a shock.

Here was no art pose, but a blatant earthiness. God be praised . . . he was alive; lusty, suntanned, athletic; wearing blue shirts, smoking black cigars.

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Musically he could re-create the tempo of our day because he naturally spoke its crude cards-on-the-table lingo.

We met in the white house on One Hundred-and-Third Street, a neighborhood too far up and too far west to be rated good New York.

You rang the front door bell, a terrier yelped, a maid, neither prompt nor neat, answered, or his mother or his sister Frances.

Framed above his desk were two autographed pictures, one of Charles Chaplin, the other, the face and signature of the Duke of Kent, "To George from George."

It was still new to him, celebrities, success. His rich voice excitedly described a party he had just given. "They had the run of the house. They did stunts! Everyone was here! Like Marc Connelly!"

He was busy with the *Oh, Kay,* score. He had letters to write. And no one to write them. Autograph demands multiplied. The letters lay unanswered. It did not occur to him to have a secretary.

He finally purchased a portable typewriter, for a while playing with the keys, entranced.

Then we started on the letters. First, those in the chest of drawers near the bed. A note from Lady Diana Manners.

A letter from Adele Astaire who puzzled him; her lovable outspoken breeziness remaining a mystery to his nature, self-conscious and studied.

With the autographs he was painstaking. To W. H. Handy went a copy of the *Rhapsody,* signed "For the Father of the Blues."

Mornings, Bill Dailey often present, he worked at the piano. As he played he sang wordless strains over and over again. He said, "I do it until I get it right."

He thought in a straight line, showing me a thin book, declaring, "Some day I'll make an opera out of it." The book, just published, was titled *Porgy.*

Pictures come forward, like quick shots on the screen. When, exuberant, he danced the "Black Bottom" to see if its steps fitted his rhythms, the times he argued, "But everybody's got an ear!" refusing to credit my inherent lack; the rainy afternoon he thought was "a swell day to work if I had an idea"; the morning his greeting exploded, "I woke up at three with a tune, even the title! I got right up and wrote it, like you read about! But now . . . it's not so hot!"

So he worked, in quiet, but for interruptions illuminating the family life buzzing below us. Once his sister hollered up the stairs, "I've got to have that money for my dancing lessons!" Once his brother Ira's fiancee reported on the patient's progress, Ira having lost an appendix.

On his twenty-seventh birthday his photograph appeared in the New York *Times.* He telephoned, "You wouldn't believe it, but everyone saw that picture and congratulated me!"

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The next summer he appeared with the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra as soloist in an all-Gershwin program at the Lewisohn Stadium, drawing a record crowd of about 18,000 listeners.

The following day I met him on the street. He was rushing from a rehearsal of *Strike Up the Band*.

He shouted, "Look what I've got here!" Pushing me into a cab, he dropped a pile of clippings on my lap. "The write-ups about last night!"

My mind wandered back to that scared young man at his first concert, then jumped to this one whom I had seen the night before, running down a flight of steps toward his audience, as if he was glad and couldn't wait to meet them.

He had come far in such a short time. He kept going too, the pulse of his career as fast as Colonel Lindbergh's airplane that had just flown across the Atlantic, as fast as the taxi that was hurtling us uptown or the radio waves that had already carried news of his success, news bubbling from his lips while he sat there, boyish, marveling at everything. And I held my breath and I hoped it would continue. His life was so wonderful.

He leased an apartment, glaringly modern, a penthouse on Riverside Drive, away from the bulk of his family. There was a silver piano, and a bedroom that seemed all bed, the cover of light tan fur. Nothing out of place here, a punching bag in the room meant for games, a man wearing a white coat, who answered the door.

He still ran to the telephone himself. Any summons could mean another miracle.

His moods changed. Losing his temper at Ira. "Why don't you attend to things for me!" Awed at the prospect of study with Ravel. Thirsty hero-worshiping of those who knew more musically than he, Ernest Newman, Stravinsky. Hurt surprise over a failure. Pacing the floor about it, shouting, "They forget everything you've done when you make one mistake!"

Incredulous anger at Ziegfeld who held back royalties because *Show Girl* wasn't a hit. Dignified, dependable, he expected others to be the same. George Gershwin was probably the only man on Broadway who didn't have a lawyer.

His discipline superb, he could not understand Vincent Youmans being side-tracked into producing plays. For he had one objective. Through the years his greeting to me, "Haven't you written your *Rhapsody* yet?" revealed what that first ambitious work had grown to mean.

It was a treacherous light, dividing him, making him, now well accustomed to privileges, drill at his gusher of popular tunes, while forcing a humble steady studying, a learning day by day, as he tried living up to an artistic dream created by adulation.

Thorough, he could not tolerate

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carelessness. Shaking his head, he told me of the night Rudy Vallee broadcast the *Concerto*. "We had to mark the pages so he could get the beats."

On his part he puzzled others. Vincent Youmans grumbled, "Doesn't he know society only invites us if we bring along a piano!"

He knew, and relished that piano and the playing of his songs in the center of a smart crowd.

He was big enough to have dragged his family on up with him, some of this good heartedness a sop to fate, a bargaining with a life that had generously catapulted him beyond his sphere.

He was not unique. Others traced that pattern. Who knows? In every profession, each, at the top, for all the hard work and God-given talents, might have been looking at his fellow man, not really believing he belonged, trying to out-do that last effort, dreading the one mistake, waiting for the day his gift would disappear as unreasonably as it came, each, a little boy, knowing rewards were out of proportion, feeling he didn't deserve quite so much, scared to death of his nightmare overtaking him.

He moved again, to a duplex apartment on the East Side. The enormous high ceilinged living room, fitting background for his newly acquired art collection, a modern and expensive assortment, wherein Gershwin's impression of his father audaciously stared steadily across at a Rousseau.

He loved that room. "Done by one of our best decorators," he said, oblivious to the naked shelves, deserted but for an occasional unread book.

He painted now. At one end of the dining room hung a self-portrait, the shade of the skin browner, the face longer, leaner than the model's. Upstairs, in an easel-scattered studio stood his proudest study, a colored girl from Catfish Row. This second talent, amazing, not only for its own qualities, but because he made the time and found the energy to develop it.

He planned touring with an orchestra. At the end of rehearsals, as he stood upon the podium, his well-cut suit was a contrast to those baggy pants of the musicians who surrounded him.

They were leaving the next week.

"What do you want us to wear?" came the question.

The answer, his order, unhesitating, "Morning coats, pin striped trousers."

A silence then, broken by one speaking, low-toned, timid. "But I haven't got them."

He appeared surprised. He had forgotten that these men, fine musicians, went weeks, months, without work, that they continually faced the bread-robbing horror of mechanical sound. And he must have felt ashamed as he stood before them, so embarrassingly successful. For a look of compassion crossed his face. "Wear what you have," he said, his voice gentle.

He grew thoughtless. Once, after having me wait two hours he walked

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into the dining room saying that I could watch him eat. The following day he was sorry, running everywhere, showing me the new bar, the English den, the ink spattered studio on the second floor.

He was indignant when people criticized him for allowing a cathartic company to be his radio sponsors. "They forget it gives me enough money to spend months on an opera."

Porgy and Bess was his triumph. No Ferde Grofe, no Bill Dailey to help here. "Look," as he handed me the thick score. "I orchestrated the whole business—every note myself!"

These days, a difference, he was very nervous. Glimpses of his old enthusiasm would shine through it all, but most of the time he seemed worried. "I can't sleep. I'm being psyched. I can't fall in love."

And I remember thinking that here was a man who didn't have much fun.

Then Winchell reported he was seriously ill. I read this aloud on the roof of a Broadway hotel, overheard by Frances Williams, the blues singer, by a crooner with Ben Bernie's band, a saxophonist who worked for Guy Lombardo.

In a night club Frances Williams had once sung a lyric to the *Rhapsody*. She said, "When he heard it, Gershwin kissed me."

Throwing back her blond head, she sang it again, shouted it to the smoky city skies while the crooner and the saxophonist hummed a swinging accompaniment and from down below in the pit of the streets the variegated honks of traffic horns rose to join them.

As the melody floated off the roof, floated one block eastward to the Carnegie he loved so much, I could not help thinking that although Bill Dailey, the faithful, had long since died, and little Hannah Williams was a matron named Mrs. Jack Dempsey, there would, no matter what happened, always be people to keep Gershwin's songs alive.

★ ★ ★

I was wrong. I reckoned without death.

As long as the abrupt stopping of a life was news to be teletyped, printed, photographed, broadcast, they were interested, he could keep pace.

A radio concert the night after, time and distance shot. California, Fred Astaire speaks; Texas, Whiteman plays; we hear Jolson from New York.

In spite of the heat and the rain, the funeral, in the heavy bronze-doored temple had standing room only. Thirty rows down front reserved for his family and for the first night, first rate élite, men-about-town, society, politics, the arts. "There's Bennett Cerf, Cobina Wright . . . " Necks stretched, heads turned, shoulders pushed, voices whispered, rising, "There's the Mayor." "There's George M. Cohan." "There's Jimmy Walker!"

It seemed as if he were there, putting on another show, making his relatives proud of him in his final performance.

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In the back balcony, far from the reserved section, the man seated next to me smelled badly. He smelled from subway sweat, from Second Avenue, from the terrific distance he journeyed in all that heat. Whoever he was, butcher, barber, tailor, neighbor, he sobbed with a cry that had retched its way past throats of many cantors, echoing itself in the melodic wails of the boy he loved. For he must have loved him and the songs he made, this man with the gasping sobs, the wringing hands and the Hebrew paper, honest label, sticking from his pocket.

Dead. Stopped. Finished. Not so fast. True, the radio was tapering off, but the Stadium planned a concert. The rich are buying their tables two weeks in advance; the poor carry their suppers as they wait; the ones who knew him can't believe, still hear his deep voice ringing in their ears.

Stretching, whispering. "There's the Governor." "There's the Mayor." My cousin Minnie. "Ethel Merman's gonna sing." Cig-ar-ettes, coca-cola, pop, root beer.

With the first note a heavenly conductor plants a star. It twinkles high above a Gothic tower. His songs begin.

Sweltering, they listen, attentive, sentimental for the moment. The second half, they rise in silent prayer. It's thrilling, doing what the Governor and Mayor are doing, the thing to do.

Impressed they sit again, but now it is as if a secret signal told each one the drama part was through, this man done for; a restlessness commences, a constant murmuring, a feeling of things over.

From the back. "Ethel Merman had fur on her dress." "Those colored singers sure were fine." "We'd better go, avoid the rush."

What matter the *Rhapsody* to be played, an eloquent finale, the *Rhapsody* that shaped his soul, his life and plans.

From the center. "You heard the *Rhapsody* before . . . come on."

From a table. "I can't forget dear Gawge in London, his hair and shoes just too, too shiny. But my dear, where *did* you get that dress?"

This a Greek chorus up-to-date.

The first note of the *Rhapsody* tears torrid atmosphere. The mass disintegrates without a beg-your-pardon. Snake-like it weaves its fickle way toward every exit, so as the last chord strikes they who feel no honest love for gentleness, for peaceful void, will have no more. Steadfastness takes minute upon minute, days and years, is not for those who rush, not for the tough, the speedy, the live, well on their way to autos that can race them home, to subways that can travel fast.

Then I knew. We find no time for last month's death, nor for its aftermath, the patient stationary quiet, no time to cry out, even to him who knew, feared, felt our modern hearts, pace-setting, whip-cracking.

So I pause, give credit, bow and say, "Oh, George, you made your one mistake! It was to die."

—NANETTE KUTNER

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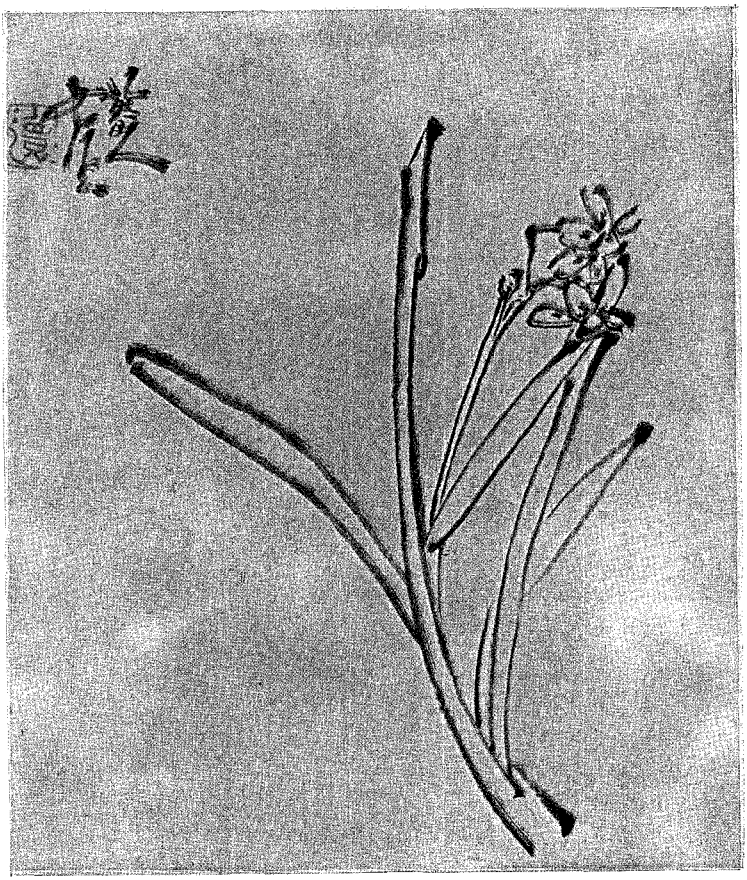

BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON

NATURE PAINTINGS OF THE FAR EAST

In Western art, except for recent trends, nature painting has always been materialistic in point of view, visualizing the objects of the natural world essentially as adornments. But in the Far East, consistently through the centuries, the approach has been philosophic and poetic, aiming at the spirit rather than the semblance of things. Flowers, birds and animals—sometimes even man himself, as on page 63—are characteristically depicted, with genuine spiritual penetration, as representative expressions of the universal order. (Above: a Chinese painting of the 17th century, *Narcissus* by Chu Ta.)

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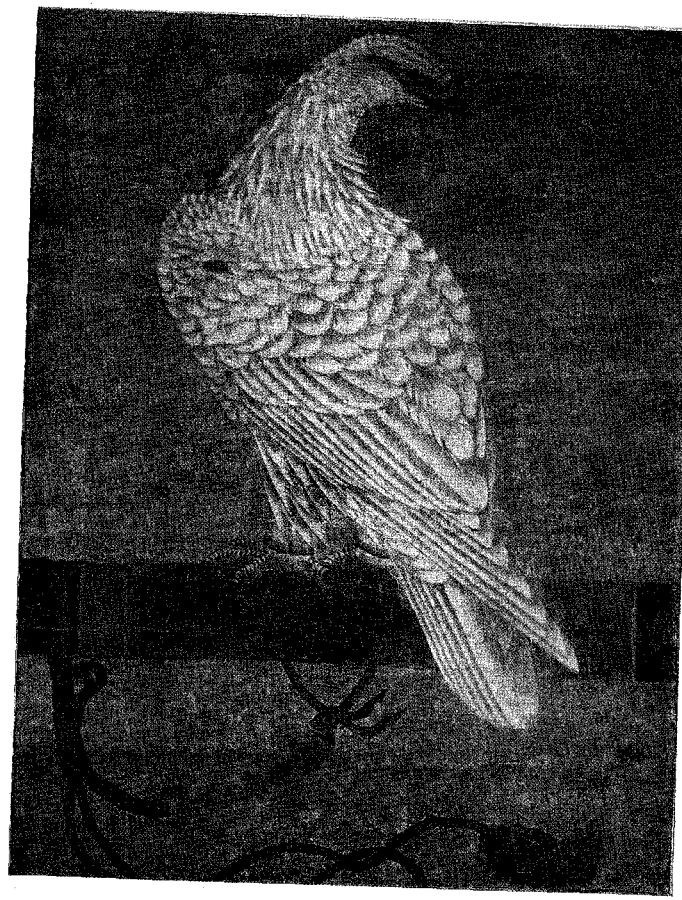

WHITE EAGLE ON PERCH

CHINESE PAINTING OF THE MING DYNASTY

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BIRD ON A BOUGH

CHINESE PAINTING OF THE SUNG DYNASTY

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SNAKE AND TORTOISE

STONE RUBBING AFTER A CHINESE PAINTING OF THE T'ANG DYNASTY

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MAN UNDER AN UMBRELLA

CHINESE FINGER-TIP PAINTING

BY KAO CH'I-P'EI (18th Century)

FEBRUARY, 1938

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MONKEY AND YOUNG

JAPANESE PAINTING BY MORI SOSEN (18th Century)

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GRAZING DEER

JAPANESE PAINTING BY MORI SOSEN

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COCK IN A SHOWER

JAPANESE PAINTING BY RANTOKUSAI SHUNDÒ (18th Century)

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DYNAMITE IN THE OFFICE

BY THE TIME THE LUNCH WAS OVER, THE RADICAL SHOE WAS ON THE WRONG FOOT

BIG things never worried him, it was little things, trifles, that upset him. The utter triviality of the Knowles situation made his very liver, geared as it was for big stuff, stand up on its hind legs and roar. Take him to lunch, have a heart-to-heart with him, that's all, was what the silk man, Peterson, from upstairs, had advised, save yourself a strike in the long run.

So Martin had been unable to think straight all morning for wondering how you asked an employee out to lunch when for ten years all you'd said to him was how-do-you-do and Happy New Year. What did you talk about with him, anyway, during the lunch? Not golf or Nassau or the Paris Exhibition; these would remind Knowles that the boss had money to do these things; certainly not the strikes going on in the building, a suggestion that their own office could bear improved conditions; in short nothing that would emphasize the employer's superior fortune. Where to lunch, too? Not Joseph's or Bonny's where the check would be more than Knowles made in a day. And there was the matter of clothes. Why had he chosen to wear today his most expensive tailored English tweeds for Knowles to compare bitterly with his own miserable Fourteenth Street bargains?

"He's your man," was Peterson's warning last night. "It was our telephone operator beefing about a couple hours overtime that started the trouble with us. On the floor above it was the office boy. Little people you forget. Here's this guy in your office—the only employee who didn't get his pay cut back, you say, after the 1929 jam. Has he got a grudge? I'll say so. And he'll start the others to blowing up. One worker with a real grudge is so much dynamite in the place in these times... No wonder you've been seeing 'em whispering together behind your back. Fix this one guy and you'll save yourself the trouble we're having."

But Knowles hadn't asked for his pay to be restored, Martin recalled. He had never asked for a raise, even, and you didn't go around handing out money unsolicited when you had all you could do keeping the chronic bellyachers quiet.

At twelve Martin went to the file-room, asked Knowles for some papers

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he didn't want, mumbled something about the weather, about it being lunch-time.

"Hah," he finally managed to say as the chimes struck the quarter hour, "I'm keeping you from your lunch-hour. Why not—er—supposing you lunch with me?"

Buy him a fine lunch some swell place, flatter him, make him feel good, thought Martin. Still . . . was that wise? If the boss could pay six dollars for lunch he could afford to pay bigger salaries.

"If you've no objection, Mr. Martin," said Knowles, "supposing we go round the corner to the Blue Witch."

An awful place, thought Martin, with a sinking feeling as he followed Knowles and a little Czechoslovakian gypsy with a hole in her heel to a too wobbly, too narrow wooden table flanked by two cruelly uncomfortable benches—benches made for midgets, definitely. Salmon loaf, he read on the menu drearily, boiled rice, bread pudding, Waldorf salad, boiled cod . . . a veritable bevy of gastronomic insults. Knowles, however, beamed. He hung his snappy overcoat on top of Martin's and ordered boiled cod with a smile.

"I just want you to notice the cooking, Mr. Martin," he said. "I've eaten all over the U. S. and I consider the cuisine here at the Blue Witch as good as any place I know of. And reasonable. Fifty cents isn't bad for lunch. After all, look what you get? I don't come here every day, of course, but fifty cents isn't any too much to ask for a home-cooked three-course lunch, *I* say."

Mr. Martin was taken aback but muttered something about fifty cents being indeed reasonable.

"A lot of places charge plenty more for less," said Knowles. "You fellas certainly get stung up there at Bonny's. Places like that. No wonder you got stomach ulcers if you'll pardon my sayso, Mr. Martin, letting those foreign chefs stuff you full of them hot sauces. Nothing but poison, *I* say."

It was all Martin could do to eat his gummy noodlesoup. Green turtle with sherry, he would be having at Joseph's.

"That's a new suit, isn't it, Mr. Martin?" Knowles asked, and when Martin shamefacedly admitted it, Knowles stood up and to Martin's alarm turned slowly around, revealing his own very new-looking suit. Knowles, at forty, was a clean-shaven, petrified twenty-five, only the thinning grey hair betrayed him and the slight hump between his shoulder blades, emphasized by the snug fit of his suit. Martin was not sure what made it look so embarrassingly new unless it was the wide lapels, the pinch back, the fancy button-riddled cuffs, and a youthful breeziness of style that was positively breath-taking.

"I just wanted you to see the difference," said Knowles. "I suppose you paid fifty or sixty dollars for yours."

Martin was about to declare indig-

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nantly that he never spent less than a hundred on his suits but restrained himself.

"—but there isn't a single new touch on it," pursued Knowles. "It might as well be your *old* suit. Now this is copied from a genuine Duke of Windsor pattern. And guess what I paid. Just give a guess."

Ten bucks, Martin thought, but you couldn't say that.

"About forty dollars," he said, gritting his teeth.

Knowles made a simple gesture of triumph.

"You see? You pay forty—fifty dollars for a suit and it looks like fifteen dollars. I pay eighteen-fifty and look like forty dollars. A person looking at the two of us and judging by our clothes would think I was the boss and you was the file-clerk. I'm not kidding."

Mr. Martin laughed ha-ha but his face was very red. He made no effort to finish his salmon loaf but chewed on a cigar intently.

"Speaking of being file-clerk," he put in dexterously, "you've been with me—let's see—nine or ten years, Knowles. Let's see, what were you making before the—er—pay-cut in 1929?"

"Thirty-two dollars a week," said Knowles. "And maybe you wonder why I never came to you to get it back, when all the rest of the fellas was pestering you. I'll tell you why. Because those fellas don't understand conditions the way I do. I said to 'em right there at the time, I said 'conditions aren't safe enough yet to warrant the boss giving us our regular pay,'" I said. I make a study of these things, Mr. Martin, I happen to make a specialty of economics in my home reading. I could have told you when you gave out raises last year—" Mr. Martin blushed here but Knowles paid no heed—"that you weren't in any position to pay that out. I know human nature, too, Mr. Martin, and I size you up as a man that likes to show off in his own way in spite of being a quiet dresser. You want the folks to think you're a great business man. So you give out raises when the economic conditions don't warrant it. Just to sort of show off, excuse my sayso. So I didn't say anything, just sat back, but many's the time I wished you'd a come to me for some advice on conditions. Take your business now—" Knowles got out a pencil and envelope and started figuring busily, "I figure you don't do more'n a hundred thousand dollars worth of business a year. J. P. Morgan would just laugh it off."

Martin bit off a chunk of cigar to keep from shouting that his business was twice as good as that and had been even in 1929.

"Take your overhead and salary list —well, frankly, Mr. Martin, straight from the shoulder, I don't see how you can stay in business another five years if you don't trim your expenses. Understand it's nothing to me but I hate to see a man trying to make out in business when he don't understand the trend of economic conditions. Take

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Peterson, the manager of the silk company upstairs, he's your genuine captain of industry. You don't see him handing out raises just on the strength of a couple of good orders. He takes the long view, same as J. P. Morgan and me. You've as good a head as most of these small merchants as we call 'em in economics, Mr. Martin, but you're no financial wizard like these fellas have to be in the big money. Otherwise you'd be making more'n nine-ten thousand a year for yourself."

"I paid that in income taxes alone last year," cried Martin in a burst of uncontrolled irritation.

Knowles shook his head.

"Imagine! Your financial wizard don't ever pay that much income tax no matter what he makes," he said. "Honest, Mr. Martin, I sympathize with you. You get stung wherever you turn, some fellas are like that."

"Check," Martin muttered to the waitress.

Mr. Knowles, barely finishing his apricot dumpling, quietly snatched the bill from the table.

"Mine, please, Mr. Martin," he said smiling. "This is a pleasure I don't often have."

He thumbed over three ones in his bill-fold, selected one, left a dime tip. Mr. Martin watched him, speechless.

"Next time I'd like to take you to *my* French place," said Knowles. "Real French, you know, not this phony stuff they palm off on you fellas and soak you for. See, I was overseas, Mr. Martin. I know the genuine article. That's where I have the advantage."

Mr. Martin bit off another inch of cigar. He fervently wished he had promoted Knowles far enough so he could be decently fired now. Intolerable thinking of him there in the office day after day quietly smiling his smug, nasty smile over his employer's gullibility, poor taste, inferior business ability, comparing him hour after hour with J. P. Morgan! A lot of good this lunch had done, Martin bitterly reflected. Just gave him something new to stay awake mad about every night.

In front of their office building the Peterson strikers were quietly picketing, placards proclaimed their wrongs.

Knowles nudged Martin.

"Mostly foreigners," he explained. "See, they don't understand economic conditions. Asking for more money than they ever saw in their lives."

"Why not?" Martin exploded, unable to bear more. "Why the hell shouldn't they?"

"Why, Mr. Martin!" gasped Knowles. "If you'll excuse my sayso you're talking like a radical!"

"Well, that's just what I am!" shouted Martin.

They rode up in the elevator together in silence, Martin quite purple and Knowles staring at him, gravely shaking his head. With difficulty Martin remembered his manners.

"Thank you," he growled, "for the lunch."

"The pleasure was mine," said Knowles but he looked very grave.

—Dawn Powell

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THE THIRD SON

IF WE CAN'T MAKE LIFE JIBE WITH THE FAIRY TALES, MAYBE WE COULD REVERSE THE PROCESS

FOR years a battle has raged about fairy tales, and I want to be in it amid all those fighting librarians, child welfare experts, clergymen, parents, librarians, teachers, and literary persons. Although I am forty, I am going into the conflict as a child, speaking from thirty years ago. Because at last I have vocabulary enough to speak for our gang that used to read fairy stories and fables between a ball game and a rollick of Run Sheep Run, and then on piles of bricks in the ruins of an abandoned brewery discuss what we read and puzzle over it.

The central issue in the fight seems to be one of realism versus romance. Shall the emphasis be on developing the child's intellect or his imagination? It is a false issue, because it is possible for both mind and imagination to develop together, even in a fairy tale. It is unnecessary to choose between them. The trouble is that we kids got all imagination and no intellect; there was always a place, in whatever fairy story, where for all the interest in the events the child mind refused to accept the result as reasonable. We lads in our brewery hideout felt there was something wrong but couldn't think it through. In all the fuss made about these magic fictions and their desirability for young readers I have never heard used the argument I am about to expound. It is mainly the argument of the bewildered victim, the 8-or-10-year-old, and maybe that is why we don't hear it.

So, back to the days when we were young and pored over the Yellow, Blue, Green, Orange, and vari-colored fairy books, the Greek myths, the animal fables, the Knights of the Round Table stories.

Take King Arthur. We were wild about those knights, and our gang not only read and discussed the stories —we made washboiler shields and tin-pot helmets and whanged each other with makeshift wooden swords. Our vocabularies became cluttered with such words as "hight," "brast," and "damosel." We shied at the love element, all those Isoldes and Guineveres that had to be endured between jousts and adventures. The girl stuff was all right so long as it was confined

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to rescues of damsels in distress from dragons, ogres, or wicked knights (the latter usually known by their red or black armor).

Dragons, ogres, and giants we accepted without scruple, but the sword Excalibur—we gagged at that. Was it fair for Arthur to have a charmed sword that kept him from getting wounded while the others had only ordinary weapons? Deep talk went on about it, but for all our ponderings we invariably ended with the stalemate of, "Aw, it's only a story." It continued to bother us, because it hurt our sporting sense. As my cousin brought out, *we* wouldn't allow any fellow into a ball game with a magic bat which wouldn't strike out or a magic glove that made no errors. If there's to be a magic bat, we all use it.

At 11, when I began my career as a novelist with two long stories, *The Boy Knight* and *The Race for the Pennant*, I introduced no magic stuff. The youthful knight (the character was a steal from G. A. Henty) had only standard weapons. He was, in fact, a *poor* boy knight, and his accoutrements were below standard, but he won anyway. He won because he had the heart of a lion, and because his old parents depended on him to bring home spoils to lift the mortgage on the home castle. Above all, he won because he was so ambitious he practiced thrusting and hacking and riding in his spare time, always striving to be a better knight, while most of the others were lounging around telling tall stories. My Sir Stephen fixed up a stuffed dummy in the back yard of the castle and smote it with his two-handed sword, pinked it all over the lot with his lance, walloped it with his mace, and knocked the stuffing out of it with his battle-axe. And when veteran knights came by that way, Sir Stephen studied their technique and sought to learn something practical about unhorsing an opponent.

Ivanhoe might lick Brian du Bois Guilbert through the happy intervention of Providence which gave the better soldier a stroke of apoplexy at the crucial moment. What did that decide for us boys but that God was on his toes? We thought Ivanhoe a namby-pamby; Brian had more character, and if we had had our way, Walter Scott would have reformed him so that he could have at least an even break, and then wham! what a knight a virtuous Brian would have made!

In the life around us, so different from the pictures drawn by romances, folk-tales, myths, fairy stories, and fables, there was a reason behind things. The Chicago Cubs were winning pennants in those days. That was because Mordecai Brown was a great pitcher, with no magic powders in his hip pocket, and there was only one Tinker to Evers to Chance combination in the world. Did the Cubs have a magic scoreboard, or God on their side in an umpire's uniform?

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So in my novel, *The Race for the Pennant*, begun at 11 and still unfinished, Steve Glover (good old Steve!) the 17-year-old blond just out of Yale, did even as the boy knight. He was an unbeatable pitcher and a .350 batter, because he practiced for hours behind the barn, kept in trim, studied the other side, and used his wits. When the villain tried to lure him out of town with a fake telegram—"Come home at once, mother dying, love, sister"—did Steve fall for it? Not with that Yale education! He called up by long distance, and boy, what a shock he gave the villain as he walked out on the field just as the umpire yelled "Play Ball!" After thirty years I can still hear the teeth of my villain gnashing in rage.

But as for the old fairy tales, for which I had supreme contempt even while I could not leave them alone, they solved things in a silly way. The third son of the peasant or of the king was always a dumb kluck. It was the wizards and witches, the gnomes, dwarfs, ogres, and genii who had the brains. The hero came by fortune and the princess only by the happy intervention of a good fairy or a piece of luck. The bad people always had the nice people licked on merit. They won on points, but lost because the author cheated on the side of virtue.

We boys wanted virtue to win, but we wanted it to win square. I can't exaggerate the bafflement and soul-searching these stories caused some of us. They didn't seem sane, just, or even mature to a 10-year-old. They violated the basic truths. Ulysses was O.K., but Achilles, who had the rest of the human race handicapped, we hated. If the peasant's son hadn't happened to be in a position to do a Boy Scout deed one day helping an old hag across a stream, releasing a bird from a trap, or binding up the paw of a hurt dog, he never would have got himself out of that later mess when the gnomes had him imprisoned under the sea.

The other sort of silly classic that used to hamstring our tender little yearning-for-learning minds was the beast fable. It seemed that almost any Aesop fable with its too neat moral could be demolished by a simple So What? One certainly is not a cynic at 10—at least 10-year-olds were not, thirty years ago—so that wasn't the trouble. The fact is that a modern child of 10 who is even slightly precocious (that is, verbally keen) is way ahead of the average adult of Aesop's time. Take the story of the Tortoise and the Hare. We wondered why the Tortoise would ever enter that race, unless he knew it was framed. As an oldster I would add little to my 10-year-old self except to say that the frame-up was in the interests of mediocrity, and that the moral, "make haste slowly," is a half-truth. What's wrong with making haste rapidly? Maybe the race is not always to the swift, but it usually

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is. The Hare lost not because he was swift but because he took time off for sleeping. The moral is not that the slow sometimes get a break and beat the fast, but that the fast sometimes lie down on the job. That fable was directed at the wrong people—at the tortoises, to console them; when it should have been directed at the hares, as a warning not to be too cocksure.

And who can forget the silly tale of the Ant and the Grasshopper, which, a couple of thousand years after its writing, was further glorified as a colored animated cartoon? Cagey kids see through that. They don't see the point that you have to be one or the other, a loafer or a drudge. Why not a grasshopper with some common sense, and a sportive ant?

Thinking that maybe there was something extraordinary about us semi-slum lads of my youth, I tried out on an 8-year-old Aesop's fable of the Man, the Boy, and the Donkey, which goes back of Aesop into Oriental pre-history:

"A Man and his son were once going with their Donkey to market. As they were walking along a countryman passed them and said: 'You fools, what is a donkey for but to ride upon?'

"So the Man put the Boy on the Donkey and they went on their way. But soon they passed a group of men, one of whom said: 'See that lazy youngster, he lets his father walk while he rides.'

"So the Man ordered his Boy to get off, and got on himself. But they hadn't gone far when they passed two women, one of whom said to the other: 'Shame on that lazy lout to let his poor little son trudge along.'

"Well, the Man didn't know what to do, but at last he took his Boy up before him on the Donkey. By this time they had come to the town, and the passers-by began to jeer and point at them. The Man stopped and asked what they were scoffing at. The men said: 'Aren't you ashamed of yourself for overloading that poor donkey of yours—you and your hulking son?'

"The Man and Boy got off and tried to think what to do. They thought and they thought, till at last they cut down a pole, tied the Donkey's feet to it, and raised the pole and the Donkey to their shoulders. They went along amid the laughter of all who met them till they came to Market Bridge, when the Donkey, getting one of his feet loose, kicked out and caused the Boy to drop his end of the pole. In the struggle the Donkey fell over the bridge, and his forefeet being tied together he was drowned."

" 'That will teach you,' said an old man who had followed them:

" 'Please all, and you will please none.' "

Chuck's first comment was, "Did the donkey *have* to get drowned?" "Well, Chuck, he *was* drowned." "Why did the man pay attention to the people? He could just have gone on." And an afterthought: "He should have sold the donkey and bought a second-hand Ford. Could you get much for a donkey?"

I don't know, but I think Chuck is where we were. What really brought back my childhood in a great upsurge was reading an English humorist's revision of the fable about the peasant, the three sons, and the bundle of sticks. The rewriting casts light on the difference between ancient and modern points of view,

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a difference which must be taken into account if fables are to go on being put over on our children.

The peasant, you remember, desiring to give his three sons some good advice, gave them each a stick to break, which they did easily. He gave them two sticks; that was harder but they did it too. Finally he tied some sticks in a bundle and handed it to his eldest to break. The eldest failed and the middle one tried. He failed, and also the youngest, whereupon the old man said triumphantly: "You see—in union there is strength."

In the modern version the youngest son of the peasant is bored with the old man's moral game. While the other two are trying to break the bundle of sticks, he sneaks into the house, pilfers the old man's chest, and runs off, uttering *his* moral: "Opportunity knocks but once."

Perhaps the matter shouldn't be dropped without a stab at the constructive. It was said at the beginning that no necessary conflict exists between imagination and reason. That is to say, an imaginative story need not be unreasonable, and a story in which the characters behave like people need not lack imagination. The fairy story is definitely bad because when it gets over it teaches the child to believe that things go on in the world differently from the way they really do; and when it doesn't get over it warps the little growing mind which tries to reconcile these silly classics and their story magic with the sensible world which teaches him not to touch a hot stove twice.

For the modern child we want fairy tales and fables that make 20th century sense and still retain color and magic. We want stories in which heroes and heroines—characters with which we identify ourselves—will act reasonably, as we act and hope to act. The side of the angels must be furnished with at least as much gumption and brains as the side of the devils. The third son of the peasant (and that only means you or I in the story) must understand his problem, face it squarely, and win on merit, because in life nobody knocks a magic home run with an enchanted bat with two down and the bases loaded in the ninth.

—LAWRENCE MARTIN

A THOUGHT

I strongly
Suspect that poets
Pen this
Vertical
Variety of verse
For the sole,
Simple, and
Significant reason
That
Publishers—rash souls—
Buy poetry
By
The
Line. —GEORGE W. BERGQUIST

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THE HITCHING POST

My boyhood friends are gone; the neighborhood
  Surveys a wanderer with vague distrust;
Except for one, our hitching post, which stood
  When this now streaming thoroughfare was dust.
Its patient stance fatigued with slow defeat,
  Though Pisa's poise, somehow, is in its grieving,
It strains to read the sound of lagging feet
  And cocks one earringed ear, all unbelieving.

The house, which, even when I left the town,
  Was curled of shake and bowed above the rot
Of ancient sills, has since been taken down;
  And kindly weeds disguise the sunken spot
Where once it stood. But still it thought to vest
  In this bald-pated sage who stayed to meet me
Its torch of vigilance and patience, lest
  I find no single friend at home to greet me.

—FREEMAN BLACK

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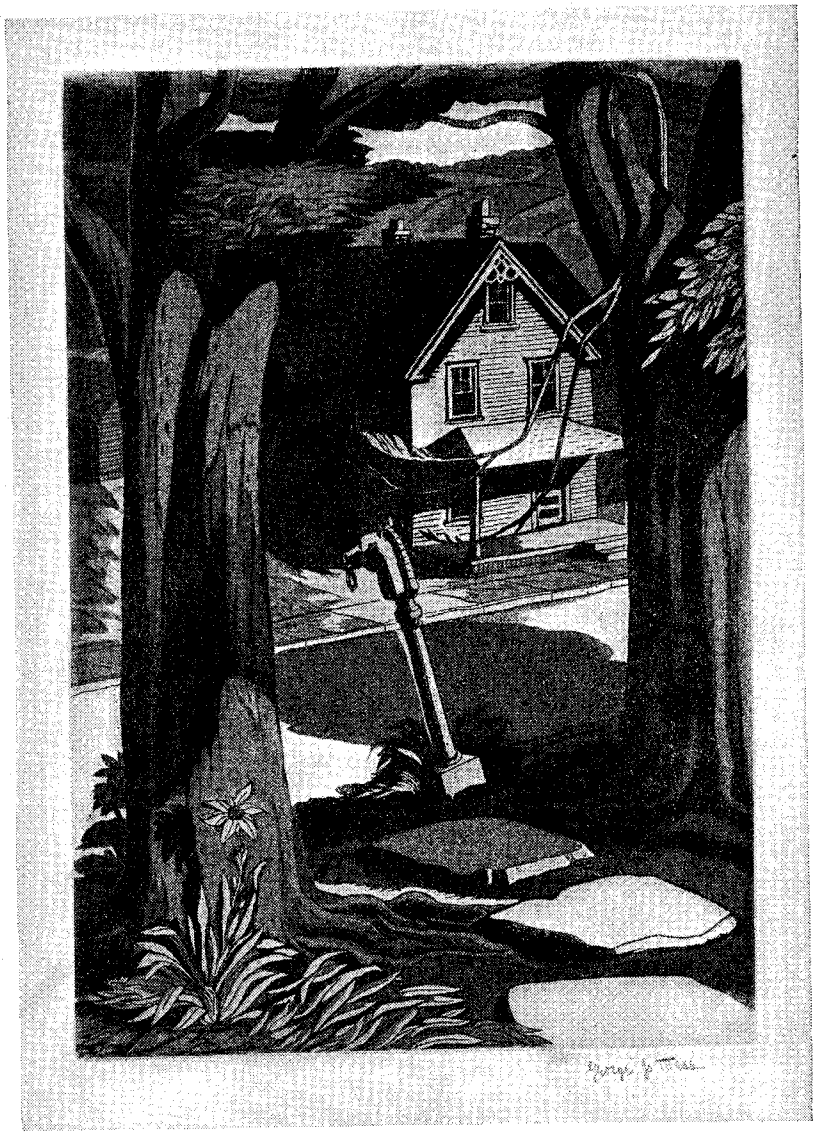

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FIRST EDITIONS

A NOTE FOR BEGINNERS ON THE PROUD AND PROFITABLE HOBBY OF BOOK COLLECTING

MARK TWAIN has somewhere said that he liked a thin book because it would steady a table, a leather volume because it would strop a razor, and a heavy book because it could be thrown at a cat.

There are, of course, other purposes for which books may quite legally be employed. For example: there is as yet no law forbidding books to be *read.* And to be read, I think they should be purchased. And when purchased, I think they should be kept—always supposing them to be worth keeping. Thus by easy stages do I reach my subject, which is the popular diversion known as book-collecting. For, while he is about it, the purchaser may just as well buy first editions and join the ranks of the elect. The old notion that collecting books is properly the sport of millionaires is pretty well exploded now. Anybody who can afford occasionally to buy a book that pleases him, may be a collector in the best sense of the word.

I think a great many devoted readers would become "collectors"—in quotation marks—if it were more widely understood that collecting does not mean the immediate and wholesale purchase of the world's literary rarities, for which Mr. Morgan and the British Museum battle in the auction marts. It does not even mean the expensive purchase of the "high spots" of our national literature. In its simplest and perhaps happiest form, it means only buying, when one can afford it, the books of the day that one happens to like best, and keeping them because it gives one pleasure to have them around. Some admirable books are appearing in our own time. Even established collectors, I think, would do well to remember this simple truth: that with perhaps a double handful of distinguished exceptions, as good books are being written today as ever in the history of the world. A great many of these are going to be the "high spots" of tomorrow; and they are going to stagger the collectors of tomorrow by the prices they command. It follows, if I am right, that this—our own time—is one of the golden ages of collecting.

I suppose there never yet was a collector who, at some time in his

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career, did not yearn for a vanished "golden age" of collecting—a time, perhaps, just before his own appearance on earth, when first editions of *Moby Dick* and *Little Women*, and *Tom Sawyer* and *The Last of the Mohicans*, were to be picked up in almost any village bookshop. Always another age —an almost legendary day—before his own time as a collector. Well, it is certainly true that these so-called "high spots" of American letters once were less costly in their first appearances than they are today; but they were not called "high spots" in that other time, when they flourished—or failed to flourish—currently upon the stands. It is only within our own time that they have gone to the extraordinary prices associated with them as collectors' items.

Among the "high spots" of tomorrow are going to be the good books of today. Already the early volumes of Edna Millay, Elinor Wylie, and Edwin Arlington Robinson—to mention only three poets of our time—are climbing to astonishing figures. Among the prose writers of this day, whose first editions in time to come will put a strain on collectors' pocketbooks, may be mentioned Hemingway and William Faulkner and, no doubt, Thomas Wolfe, and quite certainly Willa Cather. Already their most difficult volumes—keystones of a collection—bring prices that will surprise the novice, and possibly discourage him. But there is no reason for discouragement. There are other writers who are just beginning, of an excellence so apparent that there can be no question about their future. Admirers of John Steinbeck wasted little time in beginning their collections of John Steinbeck; and their faith in their own judgment already is being justified. The more sheep-like collectors, who follow where others lead, are climbing noisily upon the Steinbeck bandwagon — and paying stiffly for their tardiness. For the second-guessers collecting of any sort is always likely to be expensive.

No secret information was passed around about the qualities of these several writers. No bulletin went forth to prospective collectors, asserting, "These are the men and women whose books are going to be collected; be sure to get in early!" They were collected in the first instance because readers of taste and judgment liked their books; because there was the unmistakable flavor of permanence between their covers. Surely that is the only intelligent way to collect: because, over and above all other considerations, one admires an author's work. Surely the reading and the collecting should go hand in hand.

I believe this to be utterly true; yet inevitably—and logically—the question arises: Why, then, only first editions?

The question has been frequently answered; and it is perhaps a little late in the day to present a rationale of book-collecting. Generally speaking, one understands or one doesn't,

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and the difference between the two positions is the difference between the natural collector and the man who will never be a true collector, whatever he may call himself. In its finest aspect, I believe book-collecting to be sentimental—not sticky, but sentimental—but there are other aspects. The fact is, in most collectors there is—in addition, one hopes, to some critical acumen and good taste—a bit of innocent vanity. To be a collector flatters this vanity, and gives him an intellectual standing that is unquestionably pleasing. At very least, it differentiates him from the uncritical majority.

But there is another aspect, and an important one. It is too bad, perhaps, to speak of fine books in terms of speculative values; but unless the world is to be remade there is small use in going into *that*. First editions—book rarities of every sort—are valuable, and collecting them may be profitable. Now everybody is interested, and it is less difficult to proceed. It is a fact, widely known and appreciated, that books of the right edition and the proper rarity may be sold for cash—more cash than ever was paid for them—if one is so disposed.

Realizing this, the small collector—the beginning collector—who is wise, will collect along avenues in which the congestion is least strenuous. Eschewing the "high spots" of other days—even the established "high spots" of his own day—he will create new interests, back his own judgment against the herd of mere followers, and find the way of happiness, at least. He may even find the way of profit, if his judgments be sound, and if he is interested in the matter of profits. Indeed, he may combine his interests and possess both books and dollars by an intelligent study of the rules of the game.

The locution "high spot" has been used a number of times. At best, perhaps, it is a faintly vulgar phrase; but for better or worse it would appear to have passed into the language of bibliophily—into the jargon of the book collector. It has, in point of fact, more meanings than its most obvious one. Properly, most bookmen would agree, it should be applied only to books of the highest literary values, books of distinction and permanence. Actually, it is frequently applied to some very bad books indeed. In the philosophy of the late Merle Johnson who, I believe, invented the term, a "high spot" is a book which either represents an outstanding writer at his best, *or* a book which has sold so enormously as to indicate a warm public regard for it. Thus, in the same breath, Mr. Maugham's *Of Human Bondage* is a "high spot" and so is—say—*Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* and *Pollyanna*. All are of considerable rarity; and while, no doubt, the Maugham volume will always bring the higher price, the others mentioned are scarce enough, and in sufficient demand among the more eclectic collectors, to make them fairly

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expensive purchases. In the long run, however, such a situation will adjust itself. Collectors will tire ultimately of the *Mrs. Wiggses* and the *Pollyannas*, and *Of Human Bondage* will continue to rise higher in the world's regard—and in price also, be quite sure.

Obviously, a list of "high spots" must be a list of books that for one reason or another stood up, in their time, like milestones on a country road. Books that seduced the children and the domestics, such as *Little Lord Fauntleroy* and *St. Elmo;* books that were "timely" or "influential" in their day, like *Ramona* and *Susan Lennox* and *Uncle Tom's Cabin;* books that upset the nation's stomach, as did *The Jungle*, or brought it to its knees, as did Sheldon's *In His Steps;* books that "touched the heart of a continent," as did—shall I say?—*Eben Holden* and *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come.* And, of course, books that simply entertained so hugely that their first appearances in covers are as difficult to find as pearls in oyster cocktails. Try to find a copy of *When Knighthood Was in Flower*, of the correct date and without the name of its actual author, Charles Major, on the title-page. Try to find a "right" first of *Monsieur Beaucaire* or *The Virginian.* They were first published, all of them, not so many years ago. Try to find a first issue of the first edition of *Ben-Hur*. Go ahead—*try!*

All these are "high spots." And so also, are *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, *The Scarlet Letter*, the *Tales* of one Edgar Allan Poe, the *Essays* of a certain R. W. Emerson; and in our own day, *The Way of All Flesh*, *The Old Wives' Tale*, *Jurgen*, *Java Head*, *The Good Earth*, *Parnassus on Wheels*, *Huckleberry Finn*, *The Nigger of the Narcissus*, *The Sun Also Rises*, *Ulysses*, and *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.* The catalogues—in what I take to be two divisions of literature—could be extended indefinitely. It is apparent, at any rate, that a "high spot," in the full meaning of the phrase, may be one of the greatest books of its day or merely one of the most popular.

So it goes; and when a modern collector of first editions has acquired all the books I have mentioned, and some hundreds of others just as good—or just as rare—he will have an unusual and remarkable library of "high spots," and will be in a better position than I am to write articles about them. But, upon my soul, if I were starting in again tomorrow, I should collect my own "high spots" and not the other fellow's. Not because a book is in demand should you buy it for your cautious shelves, but because it is destined to give you enduring pleasure. The profits, if there are to be any, will take care of themselves.

The beginner can afford few, if any, of the famous works listed on any of half a dozen popular lists; and he ignorantly supposes that without them he can not be a collector. That is all just specialized nonsense. I, myself, collect detective stories—the best of

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them—and I am quite certain that in a few years the catalogue prices of these fascinating things, in first edition, will be higher than I could conveniently afford to pay, if I were to wait until such time to buy them. I am not waiting, of course, and I shall not wait. In that field, and in others of my own selection, I am buying—collecting—what it pleases me to own, and keeping it because it gives me happiness.

Books in first edition went to lunatic heights just before the crash and the depression. They are "down" now, in most instances; and collectors whose fancy it is to own first appearances of many distinguished writers of other days may do so without swooning at the price. It is only the "high spots" of the most extraordinary rarity that are genuinely expensive still; and they are less so than once they were. Messrs. Cabell and Hergesheimer, once collected to the point of mania, are now in eclipse; almost any of their good books may now be purchased very reasonably indeed. The books have not suffered; they are just as good as they ever were, and many of them are permanent contributions to literature. They should be collected. That is true also of Sinclair Lewis and Ring Lardner and Thornton Wilder and—I could name you fifty. In time, they are all coming back. At the moment, many of their first editions actually cost less than they did on the day they were published—an incredible situation!

But what I started out to say most forcefully is this: the writers of our immediate hour are worthy the enthusiastic attention of collectors, whether for the simple satisfaction of owning them in their first appearances, the innocent pleasure of boasting about them to one's friends, or the cool determination to sell them some day at a profit.

And *who* are the writers whose works of the moment one should collect?

Those you happen to like best, including a large number of young men and women whose first books have not yet been published.

—Vincent Starrett

CLEAR PROFIT

A young caller sent in his card to a business man and through the half-open door saw the man toss the card into the waste basket. An office boy brought back word that the big boss was too busy to see anybody.

"All right," said the caller, inwardly indignant, "but before I go I wish you would step in there and recover my card from the waste-basket. It cost two cents and I might as well have it back."

This attempt to retrieve the little engraved card so aroused the interest of the crusty man that he saw the caller after all. —Fred C. Kelly

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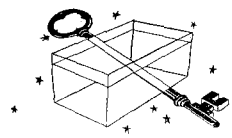
QUESTION BOX BARRAGE

IF THERE'S AN ACHILLES' HEEL IN YOUR ARMOR OF KNOWLEDGE, PREPARE TO DEFEND IT NOW



HERE are 50 questions on miscellaneous facts concerning persons, places and things in and of this world—ancient, medieval and modern. Count 2% for each correct answer. A rating of 60% is fair, 70% is good, 80% is very good, and over 90% is exceptional. Answers will be found on page 184.

1. Give the name of Beethoven's only opera.
2. Which strait joins the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean?
3. What popular name was given to the frigate *Constitution?*
4. Name the poison usually found in tobacco.
5. Which is the southernmost and youngest of the thirteen original states?
6. Who was the illustrious son of Philip of Macedon?
7. Which trained birds of prey were employed to pursue and capture smaller game?
8. What planet is most distant from the earth?
9. Who circumnavigated the globe and served as the high admiral of England against the Spanish Armada?
10. Twice a year when the sun crosses the equator, day and night are equal everywhere. By what name is this event known?
11. What term is applied to a trembling or shaking of the ground caused by subterranean forces?
12. What is conchology?
13. Give Admiral Nelson's first name.
14. As a rule, how many names did a Roman citizen have?
15. During what phenomenon did Noah's ark rest on Mount Ararat?
16. Which river is called the "Big Muddy"?
17. Which American game is the same as the British game of draughts?
18. Give the name of Henry Hudson's ship.
19. Who was the reputed founder of the Iroquois confederacy?
20. What is the juice of the white poppy called?
21. Which Biblical character died in 3349 B.C. at age 969?
22. Who are the Latter-Day Saints?
23. What was the nationality of Henrik Ibsen?
24. Give the complete name of Utah's famous lake.

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25. What is the name of the first American boat, designed by Robert Fulton, to be propelled by steam power?
26. What great gambling establishment is located in Monaco?
27. Give the ancient name for France and Belgium.
28. Who was the founder of antiseptic surgery?
29. What is the name of the system for aiding or improving the memory?
30. Caoutchouc (coo'chook) is described as an elastic, resinous substance that exudes from incisions in certain trees. What is it?
31. What is the common name for phenic acid, distilled from pit coal and used as a disinfectant?
32. What Phoenician deity was worshiped by the Israelites?
33. What is a lexicon?
34. How long did the Egyptian famine, which began in 1708 B.C., endure?
35. Of which country is The Hague, the capital?
36. Name the mythological monster, half man and half bull, slain by Theseus.
37. What French coin succeeded the gold louis?
38. With what institution is the name of Torquemada associated?
39. What is the science of sound?
40. Name one of three languages upon which Latin was founded.
41. At which Crimean town did the famous charge of the Light Brigade occur?
42. Name the first and last states to secede from the Union.
43. What city was the ancient capital of Russia?
44. Give the popular war-time name for neutral ground.
45. In which branch of literature did the following ancient Greeks excel: Homer, Pindar and Theocritus?
46. Give the name for the shield bearer of a medieval knight.
47. Which Turkish city was named for its restorer, King Hadrian?
48. How thin, literally, is a hair's breadth?
49. What term is applied to a machine for working wood, metal, etc., by causing the object to turn before a stationary tool?
50. What is the science of reasoning?

—A. I. GREEN

WINDOW DISPLAY

A DOCTOR friend of mine has in his office a large glass case full of bright, shining surgical instruments prominently displayed.

"They're just for advertising purposes," he says. "When I operate I use others at the hospital; but patients seem to be impressed that I am able to buy such an array of instruments, or that I even know of the existence of so many kinds of tools."

—FRED C. KELLY

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CITY ON THE PATAPSCO

BALTIMORE HAS AN EPIDEMIC OF MONUMENTS, BUT IT COMES BY EVERY ONE OF THEM HONESTLY

THE Middle-Atlantic section of the North American coast was first explored by the leaders of the expeditions sent out by Sir Walter Raleigh in the late 16th century. They named a vast area of land "Virginia," but Raleigh's captains never reached the shores of the present-day state of Virginia. It was the intrepid Captain John Smith, famous in legend because his life was saved by the Indian princess, Pocahontas, who first explored the Virginia and Maryland coasts. He was probably the first white man to look upon the site of Baltimore, for it is of record that in 1606 he went up the Patapsco River and camped where the eighth largest city in the country is now situated.

On May 14, 1607 Smith landed colonists at Jamestown to found the first permanent English settlement in America. In early summer of the next year he made more extensive explorations in Chesapeake Bay, and traced several of the tributaries.

About 1628 George Calvert came south and visited Virginia. Calvert, the first Lord Baltimore—come to great fame today since his face and name have been used to grace a brand of whiskey—probably explored the Chesapeake Bay on his own account. When he returned to England he secured a royal promise to a grant of territory in this region.

But a few years previously William Clayborne, secretary of state for the Virginia colony, had himself secured an authorization to explore the Bay. It was Clayborne who established the first outposts within the limits of the later state of Maryland. The Virginians, therefore, protested the grant of land to Lord Baltimore, but in 1632, with George Calvert dead, the charter was finally given to Cecilius, second Lord Baltimore.

In 1659 Baltimore County was created. The natural advantage of the Patapsco River caused it to be seized as an ideal site for the establishment of a new town. In 1729 the Colonial Assembly passed an act authorizing the establishment of a town on the north side of the Patapsco River, at the head of the tidewater. Thus was the site of present-day Baltimore officially selected, although the name Baltimore was not conferred upon it until 1745.

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By 1750 ships were loading grain in the Baltimore harbor for British markets. Braddock's defeat and the infiltration of the French and Indians to within eighty miles of Baltimore kept the settlers from penetrating farther west. When the Revolutionary War broke out there were 6,755 people in the town.

★ ★ ★

In 1782, the first regular communications with Philadelphia were established by means of a line of stagecoaches. That same year the first pavement was laid in Baltimore streets. When, fourteen years later, the community received its charter as a city, the population was estimated at 20,000.

In 1803 the city enjoyed a romantic episode similar in some respects to one that has recently occurred. Jerome Bonaparte, youngest brother of Napoleon, caught off the West Indies by the outbreak of war between France and England, was compelled to take refuge in America. He then met Elisabeth Patterson of Baltimore, promptly fell in love and married her. Some time later he was summoned back to France by his royal brother.

About the time the War of 1812 broke out, the Baltimore clipper ship was developed. Built for speed, the clipper was beloved by the men who followed the sea. And as long as the schooner-rigged clippers sailed the seas Baltimore remained a great port.

In 1814, while the nation was still at war, the British fleet reached the mouth of the Patapsco River. During the siege of Baltimore the fleet bombarded Fort McHenry at the entrance to the harbor. It was while visiting a British ship that Francis Scott Key witnessed the shelling of the fort and was inspired to write the *Star-Spangled Banner*.

In the "era of internal improvements," the Erie Canal was built across New York State. Other artificial waterways were dug in the north and west, and the commerce of Baltimore was damaged considerably by the diversion of trade through these canals. On February 12, 1827, it was finally decided that a railroad to cross the mountains and go all the way to the Ohio River would be the only effective way to fight the canals. On July 4, 1828, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the last surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence, dedicated the first "stone," or tie on the new railroad. Between the clipper and the railroad the city forged ahead steadily. When the Civil War broke out the population of Baltimore was over 212,000.

Technically Maryland was a "border" state but the people, if Northern in the rapidity with which they accepted commercial and industrial developments, were Southern in sentiment. In 1861 there were riots in the city when Northern troops marched through the city on their way to fight the South. The continued disorders resulted in military occupation and Baltimore was for five years held by Federal troops.

Other catastrophes followed the cessation of hostilities. In 1868 Balti-

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more suffered the worst flood it had seen since 1837 and sustained severe property losses, including the destruction of its finest bridges.

In 1873 Johns Hopkins, a wealthy citizen of Baltimore, died and left an endowment for a college. Three years later the Johns Hopkins University was founded. The great hospital of the same name was opened in 1889.

When industrial strife swept the country, Baltimore was not spared and, when the railroad strikes of 1877 occurred, Baltimore had its share of the riots and a number of lives were lost here. But the community became prouder and prouder of itself and began to erect monuments, which dotted the metropolis and gave it the name of "the monumental city." In 1880 the population was 332,190.

Nevertheless, up to the time of the great fire of 1904—note how almost every large city in this country has had its great fire—Baltimore remained physically the same as it had been at the close of the Civil War. Then, on February 7, a fire broke out which consumed nearly the entire business district, destroying thirteen hundred buildings. It was the worst disaster the city had suffered. But when the conflagration was finally halted and Baltimore began to rebuild it followed the pattern of the other great American cities, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, which had at one time or another arisen from the ashes, and attempted earnestly to improve itself.

The World War brought large-scale manufacturing to Baltimore. Because of its location on the Bay and its unexcelled railroad facilities, steel plants, chemical and fertilizer works and other industrial establishments were founded here. The more than one hundred miles of waterfront now served the nation as men, munitions and foodstuffs were shipped to the allies.

Before the depression of 1929 Baltimore improved its harbor and developed a fine park system. In 1931 it adopted a comprehensive zoning plan and continued to improve at least the physical side of the community. It also began the construction of a waterfront airport along the banks of the Patapsco, a project that promises to become the envy of its larger sister metropolises.

In 1936 a Baltimore daughter, Wallis Warfield by name, became the center of an international romance. Subsequently, Edward VIII, King of England and Emperor of India, abdicated from his throne to marry her. The Baltimore lady became the Duchess of Windsor and her former home in the American city a center of interest for the curious.

Forty miles from Washington, ninety-seven from Philadelphia and one hundred eighty-eight from New York, Baltimore, with a population of approximately 825,000 ranks as the eighth city in population. Still a great port, "the monumental city" is now also a great industrial center. Nevertheless, from a cultural viewpoint it remains New York's most far-flung suburb.

—Louis Zara

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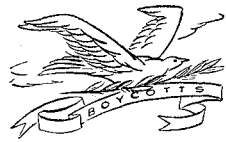
BOYCOTTS BEGIN AT HOME

PERHAPS THE "LITTLE LIST" COULD BE EXTENDED TO INCLUDE SOME OF OUR DOMESTIC PRODUCTS



With all this talk of boycotting foreign nations with whom we don't see eye to eye, it seems to me that, if we get in the habit, we might profitably apply this means of pressure to more local matters. In fact what I am in favor of is the formation of a League for Boycotting Stunts that Are Pulled too Often in the Movies. Concerted public action ought to eliminate, or at least reduce in number, any of the following:

Scenes in which two roisterers argue with the police, and one of them remarks: "Don't worry, Joe, they can't put us in jail for this."—Whereupon the next shot shows the roisterers behind bars.

Gags along this general pattern:

"He was shot in the ante room."

"He was not. He was shot in the arm."

Conversations or scenes on the dog-and-tree motif.

Scenes in which the heroine pounds her fists violently against the hero's chest, and screams: "I hate you! I hate you! I hate you!" and thereupon seizes him in a seventeen-second clinch.

Long wise-cracking monologues by switch-board operators who are gossiping with their boy or girl friends instead of paying attention to incoming calls as they should be.

Scenes in which drunks do any of the following: Start violently at the sight of tiger-skin rugs, attempt to post letters in fire-alarm boxes, make love to clothing-store dummies, wake up from slumber in public places and applaud at the wrong time.

Greatly speeded-up shots of automobiles weaving precariously through city traffic.

Newspaper dramas where the city editor fires and re-hires his star reporter more than three times in any one day.

Double feature programs in which the same actor, seen at the brink of a drunkard's death in the first picture, subsequently appears in the role of a trumpet-tongued anti-vice crusader in the second picture.

Sudden shots from alarmingly high places which make the observer (if he's at all like me, at any rate) clutch frantically at the seat in front of him.

—Tracy Perkins

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RITES

In earth-soiled garments, and with lowered head
The peasant breathes the incense of the Ghost
In the rude church where morning mass is said,
And where the priest lifts up the golden Host.
Homeward he plods, still pondering that sign
And pauses at his door, in mute delight
To see repeated in a mood no less divine
The mystic pattern of the holy rite.
Here where the mother bathes the sleepy child,
Lifting her rosy Host in that embrace
Which holds the godhead and the undefiled—
The deep, instinctive gesture of the race.

—Mariesta Dodge Howland

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THE WEDDED HALF

A WIFE'S EYE VIEW OF PAUL GAUGUIN, WHO THOUGHT THE WORLD WELL LOST FOR ART

HE HAD sailed the seven seas and tasted the sweets of the seven deadly sins, and now, on a sunny day in 1873, he stood on the sidewalk of a Paris café staring out of intense green eyes at a milk-and-honey vision of Danish loveliness. It is to be feared that the vision encouraged him.

The upshot of this meeting of green eyes with blue was the marriage, on November 22, 1873, of Mette Sophie Gad and Paul Gauguin.

Joyce says that geniuses never make mistakes, that they only open up new portals of discovery. Perhaps. But according to any yardstick by which human happiness can be measured, the marriage of Mette to Gauguin was a mistake.

It was a long time, however, before either of them realized it. For ten years they lived in a haven of respectable bliss. Mette bore five handsome children, and Paul was making thirty thousand francs a year from his job with Bertin & Cie., Stockbrokers. What an achievement! Thirty thousand francs a year!

For ten years Mette was happy. Paul adored her. And was he not a rising young business man? Just think, thirty thousand francs a year, and he was barely thirty-five! Why, in time, he might be a millionaire, holding the entire financial fortunes of France in the hollow of his hand. Happily Mette wrote home to the petty government clerks in Copenhagen who were the backbone of the Gad family. Yes, she certainly knew how to pull the right husband out of the hat.

And then the serpent began to uncoil its sinuous length in this snug Eden: a serpent whose body looked strangely like a twisted tube of paint.

Mette blinded herself to it at first. After all, Paul worked very hard; it was only right that he should have some relaxation on Sunday, even if it was only daubing paint around. It was distressing, of course, when she had invited people to dinner, always having to apologize for his absence. And those awful men he brought to the house! That Pissarro, for instance—even if he did speak Danish, he was nothing but an old loafer. And the pictures Paul bought! Can you imagine any one spending good French money for that trash of Cézanne's?

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She shook her head sadly. But he would get over it. It was just a passing whim. Surely he must realize by this time that he had no talent! Men get queer fancies as they approach middle age, and she supposed that Paul was pretty much like the rest of them, in spite of his sterling qualities. At least he had never gone in for women. She was spared *that* humiliation. And no matter what Paul did, she knew that he would never desert her and the children. She could always depend upon Paul.

But could she? It seemed not. On a biting January day in 1883 he came home to announce that he had quit Bertin's forever. Henceforth he was going to paint all day, every day.

With despair in her soul and fear for the children clutching at her heart, Mette stared at him. At last she realized that there was a strange madness working in the brain of Paul Gauguin.

In less than a year all the money they had saved was gone. He sold his precious pictures—the Cézannes, the Manets, the Renoirs and Pissarros. As she expected, they brought hardly anything—a mere five thousand francs. No one in his right mind would buy such daubs.

They lived in Rouen for eight months on the five thousand francs.

Almost two years and he had not sold a picture! When would he come to his senses and go back to Bertin's?

Never, it seemed, for the next move was to Copenhagen. She had rich relatives there, people with influence, officials, in the government. Maybe they could get Paul a part-time job, something that would leave time over for that wretched painting.

Mette sighed. It was the fable of the grasshopper and the ant all over again.

The Gad family did not take readily to Paul. And as for getting him a job —Well, you know how things are, and jobs were not so easy to come by these days. Besides, a man has to watch out for himself. You can't go around recommending tattered madmen for responsible positions. The Gads looked distrustfully at Paul and pityingly at Mette. What a shame that a nice girl like Mette couldn't have made a more fortunate marriage!

As a last resort, Mette took him to call on her cousin, the Count. Gauguin told him his Rembrandt smelled of mold! Had he gone completely crazy? Didn't he have any sense of reverence at all?

Just in the nick of time Mette got a job translating Zola for a Danish newspaper. So it had come to this! She not only had to support five hungry children, but a worthless, lazy husband as well.

What an unfortunate day when the blue eyes of Mette Sophie Gad had first looked into the green eyes of Paul Gauguin! Of course, Paul still loved her—or so he said. Privately, Mette thought he had a queer way of showing it.

The Gads endured him because of Mette, but they treated him with scant courtesy. He was very lucky that they

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allowed him to live there at all. As for being polite to him—no! You could hardly expect the proud family of Gad to cringe before a man who didn't even have sense enough to earn his living.

The last straw was that walk past the women's bathing beach. Any gentleman would have passed by quickly with lowered eyes. But not Paul. Oh no! *He* had to sit himself calmly down and watch the pastor's wife bathing in the nude! The whole of Copenhagen would know that Mette had an obscene monster for a husband.

Mette wept. Paul left for Paris, taking Clovis, his eldest son, with him.

Paris was not the friendly place it had once been. It was cold and damp and full of money-grubbers. Clovis came down with smallpox. Paul got a job pasting up billboards for five francs a day.

Back in Copenhagen Mette drew her lips into a tight, uncompromising line. A poster of bills for a husband! Did life hold any more bitter degradation than this? And to think that he had once made thirty thousand a year! Couldn't he see what a fool he made of himself over that miserable painting?

The next thing she knew he was in the hospital with a delirious fever. He knew that he was going to die. He cried out for Mette and the children. He loved them, and he cried out to them as he tossed on his narrow bed. Mette did not know that, and if she had, it would have made no difference. There's more to love than just talking about it, was her attitude.

When he was well, he wrote to her ironically, "I thought I'd pass out that time, but bah! this damned body of iron holds on."

The years passed. Clovis died in a French pension far from the tender care of his mother. Paul shuffled back and forth between Paris and Brittany, writing her loving letters tinged with sardonic bitterness. In Copenhagen Mette translated patiently. And still Paul sold no paintings. She didn't expect him to. After all, she had some sense.

He wrote her of new friends: Laval, Degas, Toulouse-Lautrec, Van Gogh . . . . More vagabonds, she supposed, just like that Pissarro. He was becoming a leader among them. They respected him. He was getting famous. Famous! It was too much! If only he would sell a picture she might believe him. But who cared for the opinion of crack-brained painters? Could you feed four hungry children on that?

Then letters with strange postmarks began to find their way into snug little Copenhagen—Panama, Martinique! Why the man was like a flea, hopping all over the world! And painting pictures of Negresses! Mette shook her head sadly. She knew a man in Copenhagen who made quite an income painting cows. If Paul would do something like that now—

But he did not. He brought *The Ants and the Locusts* from Martinique to startle Paris. *The Ants and the Locusts* made no impression at all upon Paris.

Gauguin went to Copenhagen to see

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Mette. He pleaded with her, begging her to come back to Paris with him. True, they had no money, but they could struggle along. At least they would all be together. There would be no more of this heart-wrenching separation. Very soon now he would sell a picture. People were beginning to talk about him. Why, his Martinique pictures alone—

But Mette would not listen. If a man couldn't sell a painting in all these years, what hope was there that he could ever sell one?

Gauguin went back to Paris, to Brittany, and finally to Arles, to stay with that Dutch idiot, Van Gogh. Mette had not met Van Gogh, but she didn't have to. It went without saying that he was like all the others. Birds of a feather—

Back in Brittany again he painted religious pictures, horrible things like that *Yellow Christ*. Mette shuddered. He wrote: "The more difficulties I have the more power I create, but without getting the least encouragement. I am living only on credit. But we must struggle and take the consequences of what we do. And possibly one beautiful day an enthusiastic soul will pick me up from the gutter—when my art has opened everybody's eyes."

Mette read and pursed her lips. Was he absolutely mad? Couldn't he see how worthless his daubs were?

On April 10, 1890, he left Marseilles for Tahiti. Mette hardened her heart against him. At last she had given up hope. How could she expect even the rudiments of affection or loyalty from an insane man?

She did not know that Gauguin had wept in a Paris café over the terrible sacrifice he had made when he gave up his family for his art.

Once a month during the next two years, Mette got a letter from Tahiti. She did not always bother to answer. What was the use? Any love she had once had for Paul was long since dead. She had endured too much. It no longer mattered to her what Paul did, nor to what outlandish corner of the globe he traveled. Even his letters, filled with protestations of love and signed "Your Wedded Half" left her cold.

During the second year, Paul began to send her pictures. She was to arrange showings in Denmark and sell them. With misgivings Mette looked at the weird shapes rising out of the canvas, at the maelstrom of mad color. What terrifying daubs they were!

She did as she was told, however. And wonder of wonders, the pictures sold! At last she wrote to Paul, telling him of the good luck she had had. But she did not send him the money from the sales. He would have only squandered it on paint, and the children needed so many things! She asked him to send more pictures.

But he could not stay in Tahiti forever. There was a limit to how long a man could live on no money. On the charity of France, he left his Polynesian Paradise.

He wrote to Mette from Marseilles:

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"You will get your wedded half to embrace, who, if I do not exaggerate, is not a skinned cat and not a weakling."

But Mette did not want to embrace her wedded half. All that sort of thing was done with long ago. Discreetly, she kept silence, as well as the neat little sum she had made on his paintings. No, she would not go to Paris. Did he think she was crazy? She was well out of a bad mess.

Then a miracle happened. Paul's uncle died and left him 13,000 francs. With unlooked-for riches in his pocket, he forgave Mette her long silence. He sent her two thousand francs.

It was a shock to Mette. Only two thousand francs out of all that money! She immediately sat down and wrote him a bitter letter demanding half of the inheritance for the children. Now that he was rich, was he still going to let them starve? It was his duty to sacrifice everything for his children.

When he read her words, all his long-pent bitterness against the tribe of Gad rose up in him. He wrote: "As I am forty-five years old and I have strong reason to know what is just or unjust, I find your advice a little too much. Since, as you recently said, I must solve my troubles alone, I will be careful that I will never in the future be in the position I have been in Marseilles when I arrived."

But he was not careful. The little fortune ran through his fingers like quicksilver. His South Sea pictures were a failure. He longed for Mette and the children. He had written, "Let us always be friends," but Mette could not be friends. He knew that he had lost her forever. His wife and children were his human sacrifice to the bloodthirsty Moloch of his art.

He went to Copenhagen to make his last plea for human happiness. Why didn't Mette come to Tahiti with him? They could live so comfortably in the tropic sun. She could sell her furniture and they could live for years in Tahiti on the proceeds. The children would grow strong and brown and healthy.

Mette was outraged. Sell everything! All this precious accumulation of years! Didn't he think she had a grain of sense? She drew back from her husband in fright. He was insane.

Gauguin went to Tahiti alone.

At last he was free. He had given up everything to paint. Every price that his art had demanded he had paid. He had writhed at each new separation, but he had paid. His Cézannes, his Renoirs, his misty, sunlit Manets, even his last lonely Pissarro, were gone. Clovis was dead, his wife and children were strangers. Yes, he had sold everything. Everything but his soul—the courageous, singing soul of a madman—the only thing no one wanted to buy.

Years later Mette admitted that she did not, perhaps, know very much about painting. But Gauguin did not hear her. He had died long before in the Marquesas, with a strange smile on his lips and a picture of his wife and five children clutched in his hand.

—Barbara Hunt

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THE ORIGINAL HAMLET

THERE WAS SOMETHING ROTTEN IN JUTLAND LONG BEFORE SHAKESPEARE GOT AROUND TO THE TOPIC

THE scholars have had a grand time with Hamlet, thanks to Shakespeare. But they have quite neglected the original of Hamlet, a Viking hero by the name of Amleth. Of course, in their vastly superior way, they occasionally admit that Shakespeare did borrow from a story set down in the 12th century by Saxo Grammaticus; but invariably they roll their tongues around the Saxo Grammaticus — a juicy bit for a scholar's taste—and go completely off the rails so far as Amleth himself is concerned.

Personally, I rejoice at their neglect. Had they mauled and mangled Amleth as they have Hamlet, I should not have known the joy of discovering for myself, while he was yet in one piece, just what a real person he was.

His father was Horwendil, governor of Jutland, a warrior, and a sea-rover. His mother was Gerutha, a very gentle lady. The jealous brother of Horwendil was Feng. He waylaid Horwendil and killed him, afterward justifying his crime with the claim that he had saved Gerutha from the brutality of his brother. Then he took over the governorship and married Gerutha.

The youthful Amleth took a good look at the situation and went into action working toward revenge. He was a shrewd chap and knew he was shrewd. Feng was shrewd and knew he was shrewd. It looked like a game of wits. And it was just that.

Only Amleth invented some secret plays of his own. He rigged up two conspicuous character tags and carried them around like banners. One was being an utter fool and the other was always telling the truth. He waved the two banners around and over and under the game, quite disconcerting his uncle Feng and exasperating everyone else.

He exasperated his mother's servants as they would come upon him wallowing face down in the filth of the dirty streets like a pig in the mire. "You act more like a fool than a man," they would say.

And in a hollow voice, he would reply, "A fool I am to avenge a dead father." Then, cunningly, he would add, "Have you seen my sharp javelins?" Said just to discover whether or not he was suspected.

He wasn't, not by the servants.

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They would scold at him, "You and your javelins! Those sticks! Get up off the ground and come on home."

Still lying in the mud and still cunning, Amleth would continue where they left off, "To sit at the fire and make my sharp javelins to avenge a dead father. See how I do it! I rake up the embers with my bare hands—"

"Haven't we seen you do it a thousand times?" the servants would shout.

Unperturbed, Amleth would go on, "I fashion wooden crooks and harden them in the hot embers—"

"You and your sticks will drive us mad," the servants would shout more loudly.

And so they really think I am mad, Amleth would say comfortably to himself as he continued aloud, "And then I fit barbs into their tips; and when they take hold some day, they won't let go."

Shrieking at him, "Fool! Fool! Fool!," the servants would go on home.

Droning "Javelins! Javelins! Javelins!" Amleth would shamble along behind them. At home, he would collapse bonelessly by the fire and add to his growing pile of javelins.

But at length Feng and his wise councilors grew suspicious of that rapidly increasing pile of javelins. They went into a huddle and one of the bright boys suggested that they subject Amleth to the love test. Said the bright one, "Put a fair woman in some secluded place. Then lead him to that place where he may be watched by the guardsmen. If he throws off his indifference and seizes the opportunity to enjoy a moment of love, we may know he is only pretending stupidity. But if he gives no heed to the woman, then we may know he is truly a fool."

And so it was done. A company of the governor's young guardsmen accompanied Amleth on a ride. But Amleth, suspicious of their motives, went antic. He mounted his horse backward, riding with his back to its neck, throwing the reins over the animal's tail, and urging it to a gallop. When he came to the girl on the road, he snatched her up and rode off into the fen out of sight before any of the guard could observe his conduct.

Questioned later at his uncle's court, Amleth said yes, he had made violent love to the girl as he rested upon the hoof of a horse, upon a cockscomb, and upon a ceiling. "I speak the truth," he concluded. Having promised Amleth that she would tell nothing, the girl insisted that he had not made love to her, that nothing had happened between them out there in the fen.

And so, the love test fell a little flat.

One of the other bright councilors had an idea. Feng would leave as though on matters of state. In his absence, Gerutha would give Amleth a motherly talk, to be overheard by a spy hidden in the floor straw.

Amleth, entering his mother's private apartments, was at once suspicious. He introduced the conference, therefore, by crowing like a very noisy cock and beating his arms together to mimic the flapping of its wings.

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To the remonstrance of his mother over his antic performance, he jumped up and down, stamping his feet in the straw, and saying, "I jump up and down in the straw. I stamp in the straw. Strange things lurk in the straw. Ah, a lump in the straw. A big lump to be stamped by my feet. I jump up and down on the lump. I drive my sword into the lump—an eavesdropper, a councilor of my uncle usurper, a spy! Well, he's quite dead, mother, quite dead. Look upon him, mother, the dead spy!"

Unimpressed by his mother's groans and moans, he dragged the body out, with fierce promises, "I'll cut it into a thousand pieces, seethe it in boiling water, fling it into an open sewer for the swine to feed upon. Isn't that a fitting end for a spy?"

Returning to his mother's apartment after disposing of the body, Amleth was upbraided by his mother. But he answered upbraiding with worse upbraiding, telling his mother finally that he was deliberately playing the fool in order to get revenge on his uncle. His repentant mother agreed to help him; and Amleth, foreseeing that Feng would send him away, enlisted his mother's aid. "This," he said, "is bound to get out, and Feng will take action against me—probably send me away to be killed. But, in a year, I shall return, alive, to execute vengeance. Do you, during the year, knit heavy hangings and place them on the walls of the great hall. A year from now pretend to celebrate the anniversary of my death. In the midst of the celebration, I shall return and have my revenge!"

It worked out as Amleth had prophesied. Feng, furious at the death of his councilor and the failure of the scheme, took Amleth severely to task. "I tell the truth," said Amleth. "The spy was a fool! He went to the sewer. He was a fool! He fell through its bottom and was stifled under its flood of filth. He was a fool! The swine ate him up. Will they turn into fools, too? Answer me that, uncle Feng!"

"Nonsense," roared the furious uncle. "Nothing from you but nonsense. Get you out of here to Britain! Take with you two retainers and a letter to my friend, the King of Britain."

The letter called for his death; but while his companions slept, he got hold of the letter and changed the wording in his favor.

At the banquet given for him by the King of Britain, Amleth told the truth baldly. He refused to eat or drink. The bread, he said, was flecked with blood and tainted; there was a tang of iron in the liquor; the meat smelled of human flesh. Furthermore, the eyes of the King were those of a slave, and the manners of the Queen those of a bondmaid.

The King, hearing of Amleth's bold remarks, called the young man to him. "He who can say such things aloud," he began, "has either more than mortal wisdom or more than mortal folly. We shall soon know which it is."

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Upon investigation, the King found that the corn from which the banquet bread had been made was grown in a distant field covered with the ancient bones of slain men and still bearing the signs of ancient carnage. He learned that the lard and pork on the table were from hogs that had got loose and ate up the corpse of a robber. He discovered that the water in the liquor came from a spring where several swords had rusted away. To his sorrow, he learned that he was the son of a slave and his Queen had been a bondmaid. Amleth's only comment was, "I speak always the truth."

For that faculty, Amleth was suitably rewarded by the King of Britain. He married the King's daughter; and his two companions were put to death, in return for which Amleth was given much gold. This he put into two hollow javelins. At the end of the year, he left his wife and infant son to return to Jutland to take revenge on his father's death. "Once more," he said to himself, "I must assume the part of the fool, play it for revenge. Again, I must embrace rags and filth to gain my end —revenge! On to the hall of Feng!"

The company in Feng's great hall was startled at the appearance of Amleth in their midst, Amleth who was supposed to be dead. "Are you a ghost come back to torment us? And where are the two comrades who went to Britain with you?"

Amleth answered them crazily, "I am a ghost. I am not a ghost. These two sticks—see them. They are my two comrades. I speak the truth always."

Cheering on the feast, Amleth saw to it that all the revelers were drunk, many of them on the floor. In disgust, and perhaps fear, Feng retired to his sleeping apartment. Then, dragging down the hangings his mother had made and fastened to the walls, Amleth pounded them securely around and about the snoring, drunk nobles, using his javelins as nails. When all was ready, he set fire to the hall and went to his uncle's apartment.

"Here, in his own chamber, Feng shall die by his own sword in the hand of Amleth. Above his bed, I hang my sword in place of his own. He will try to fight with it, but it will be strange in his hands; and he will fumble." Then he shouted to waken Feng, "Feng! Awake! Your nobles die in the burning hall, and you die by your own sword in the hand of Amleth. Rise up! Grasp the sword that hangs above your bed and fight!"

But Feng could only fumble. "This sword—it is strange to my hands. I can't—" He fell dead, killed by his own sword in the hand of Amleth.

For some days, Amleth kept in hiding, waiting to discover the temper of the people. Finally, when he thought it was safe, he left his refuge and calling the people together told them the truth. It was a long, brave speech; and at its close, he was made the governor of Jutland.

Amleth was a shrewd one. He spoke the truth.

—Florence Elberta Barns

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GUIMET MUSEUM, PARIS

INDIAN STATUETTES: VISHNU INCARNATE

The night of Brahman being over, and the God sprung from the lotus having awakened, Vishnu, purposing to create human beings and perceiving the earth covered with water, trampled the clouds under his feet, plunged into the floods and raised up the earth from the water.

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HOW VISHNU SAVED THE WORLD

The Lord, the creator, the incarnate Vishnu, from love of mankind raised up the earth, together with its mountains and groves. As he reared up his head, the waters shed from his brow purified the sinless sages, and before his breath the denizens of Janaloka were scattered.

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ACCORDING TO THE BRAHMANIC LEGEND

His eyes were day and night, his lips were the beginnings of two hymns, his tongue was the fire, his ornaments were a whirlpool of milk. He was of superhuman nature, full of piety and veracity, beautiful. His strides were immense, and his figure was that of a giant.

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GUIMET MUSEUM, PARIS

THE GODHEAD OF VISHNU

"Thou art beyond the cognizance of the senses; thou art the corporeal frame; thou art of old; thou art exempt from birth, vicissitude, death, or mutation." The world was created from Vishnu: it exists in him: he is the cause of its continuance and cessation: he is the world.

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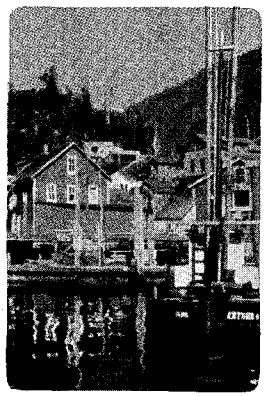
ALASKAN PORTFOLIO

A WORD AND COLOR-CAMERA SKETCH OF UNCLE SAM'S NORTHERNMOST FRONTIER

ALASKA! Land of romance, drama, adventure and misinformation. Alaska! Much maligned as a land of ice and snow, striving valiantly to live down the opprobrium hurled at her fair head when William H. Seward, Lincoln's Secretary of State, authorized the payment of the astounding sum of $7,200,000 for 590,884 square miles of fish, fur, gold, platinum, coal, oil and scenery. "Seward's folly," and "Uncle Sam's ice box," they called it.



PHOTOGRAPHED IN COLOR BY A. MILOTTE, KETCHIKAN

Aquatic Garage

Ketchikan is the "First City," geographically, in Alaska. Six hundred miles of rugged British Columbia coast separate it from the United States. It is typical of most of the Alaska coast towns. To the romantic it sits on the lap of a mountain and dangles its feet in the water. To the unromantic, the piling that supports much of its business district are merely props to keep it from tumbling into Tongass Narrows.

Hectic, turbulent—with a dozen liquor stores and several times as many beer parlors for 5000 residents it appears to the casual visitor to be a hangover from the gold rush days.

Fishermen, fallen angels, miners, trappers, business men, housewives, government officials, cannery tycoons, tourists, the colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady rub shoulders along the few blocks of crowded planked streets that edge, and in some instances, overhang the waterfront. In spite of the fact that nature has endowed the little hamlet with a permanent prosperity, it gives the casual visitor the feeling that everything is temporary and transient.

A traveler, who knew his guidebook, looked from the deck of a steamer to see the end of a rainbow apparently resting in the midst of Ketchikan and observed, "The pot

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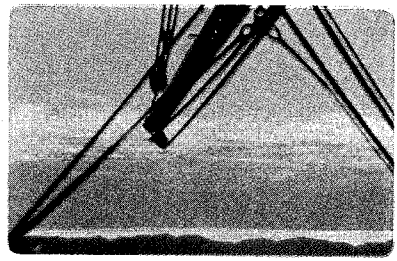
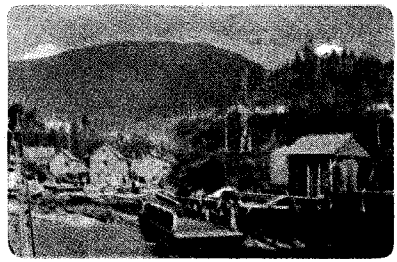
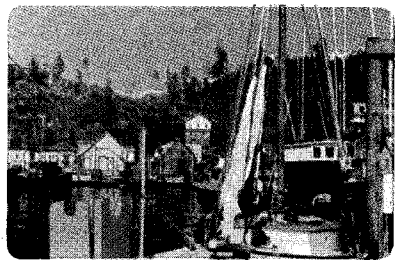


Boatside Panorama



Mountain Backdrop



Boat Haven at Ketchikan

at the end of *that* rainbow will not be filled with gold, but silver—the silver horde." He was right, too, for more salmon is packed at Ketchikan than any other place in the world. Ten canneries and a fish oil reduction plant cause it to bustle and hum with an activity out of all proportion to its size.

Alaska may be likened to an island, in that the only convenient and easy way to reach it is by boat or plane. Boats and Alaska are as inseparable as bread and butter, ham and eggs, or any of the other famous teams. All of the coast towns are provided with places to moor small boats. These aquatic garages are comparable to city parking lots and to the auto camp.

The residents of the town use them as parking lots and the fisherman, Indian and trapper who lives on his boat, uses them as auto camps. The finest of these boat havens is Thomas Basin, at Ketchikan. It is protected from the winter storms by a government-built breakwater.

The floats are provided with *all* the conveniences of home, including telephones. The fishermen and their wives who are brave enough to travel with them, the Indians and their families together with the small boat vagabonds, make up a group of modern nomads that lend charm and color to every Alaska waterfront. They visit from boat to boat and along the floats and regard the gaping tourist with good-natured tolerance.

Forest of trolling poles of the fishing

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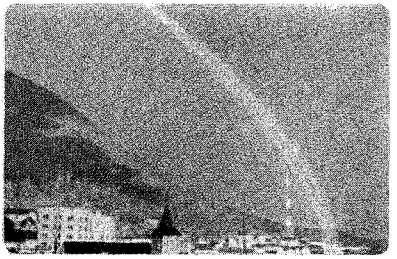
boats vie with the scrub spruce and hemlock on the hillsides for attention and when these poles are spread—so that several lines may be trolled astern without danger of fouling—they take on the appearance of the antennae of great water bugs.

Every Alaskan town and village has its native royalty, usually in the same decadent and retrogressive state as is royalty the world over—museum pieces, kept alive in the oxygen tent of pamphlet publicity.

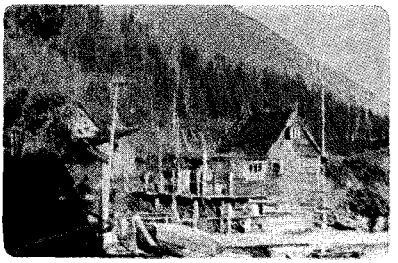
Ketchikan has its Chief Johnson and the Chief's Totem Pole—his coat of arms, heralding the glory that was the red man's before white man's "chiselization" taught him to enjoy the soft comforts of progress—taught him that a roof was a better ceiling than the star-studded sky, that shoddy wool would keep him warmer than animal skins, that gas boats were better conveyances than graceful cedar dugouts and that it was wrong to kill his enemies and wrong to covet his neighbor's squaw and his smoked salmon.

So today, the once noble red man, a ward of the government, squats in squalor and blinks patiently while sightseers take his picture and ply him with stupid questions.

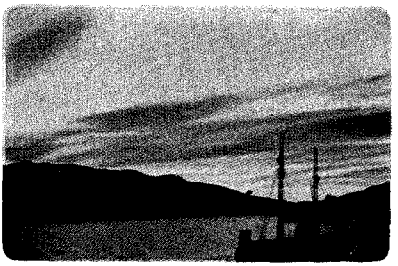
While the Indian has moved to town, many of his white brothers have come to know the delights of his deserted domain. Almost within hearing distance of the rumble of the canneries and saw mills, icy streams find their way to salt water and in these



Pot of Gold?



White Man's Progress



Alaskan Canvas

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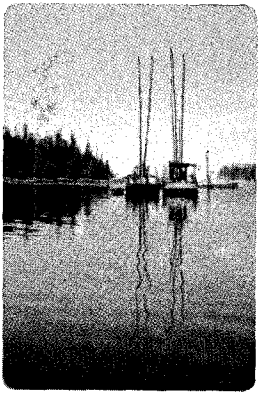
streams that gurgle and sing of an exhilarating freedom, rainbow and other mountain trout wait eagerly for the angler's hook. It may be trite to say that Alaska is the sportsman's paradise, but it is certainly no exaggeration.

Some of these streams splash down mountainsides in a madcap, merry fashion to take a last wild leap into salt water—making a bridal veil of spray to soothe the scenic-hungry eye and also to make a natural hazard for the salmon that is predestined to return to the stream of its birth to spawn and die.

The return of the salmon to its birthplace, often the headwaters of a raging mountain torrent, is one of the strange spectacles of nature—a fight without victory, death being the only reward for indomitable courage and for a grueling battle against racing, foaming waters, seemingly insurmountable waterfalls, studded with rocks and boulders that tear the flesh.



Water Bugs

And before the hardy salmon, swimming in from the sea, sleek and fat, reaches the stream of its birth where it is to spawn and die, it must successfully evade the maze of the purse seiners' nets, the hooks of the trollers, its natural enemies, the bear and the eagle and the traps that extend out some 900 feet from the shore along which the salmon swims.

But life is tenacious and nature is lavish, for despite the thousands of tons of salmon that are caught every year, the conservation efforts of the government are keeping this fishery from being depleted.

The fish traps make possible the existence of the very last of the real story-book pirates. The government licenses the traps and says that the fish within the trap belong to the owner of the trap, but the fish pirate, through bribery and by force, ignores the law, raids the traps and waxes fat because of a public indifference to his plundering.

Just as nature has been lavish with her gold, furs and fish in Alaska, so has she been with her scenery. Endless avenues of navigable water wind their picturesque way through equally endless ranges of snow-tipped mountains and when Dame Nature gets out her pots of sunset paints she has something to work on—a limitless canvas. Occasionally she uses pale, pastel shades, but more often she splashes the peaks and waters of the Alaskan panorama with brilliant, dazzling hues—red, rose and gold are her favorite colors. —H. E. JAMISON

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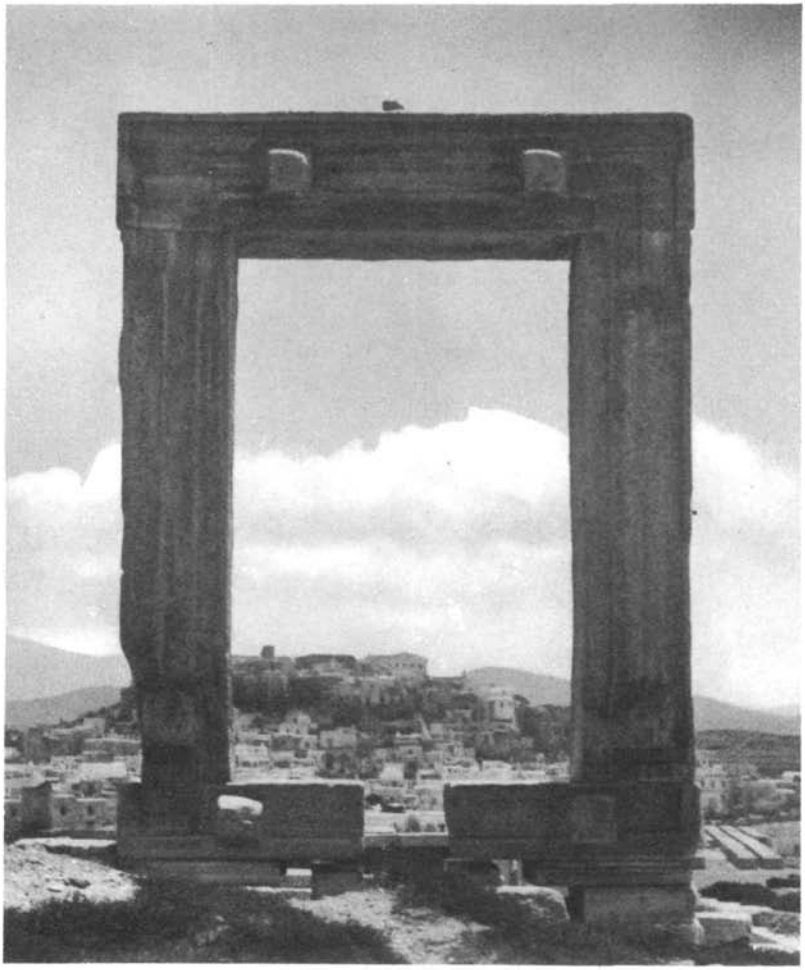

MAKOVSKA PARIS

Vistas

A Portfolio of Eight Photographs

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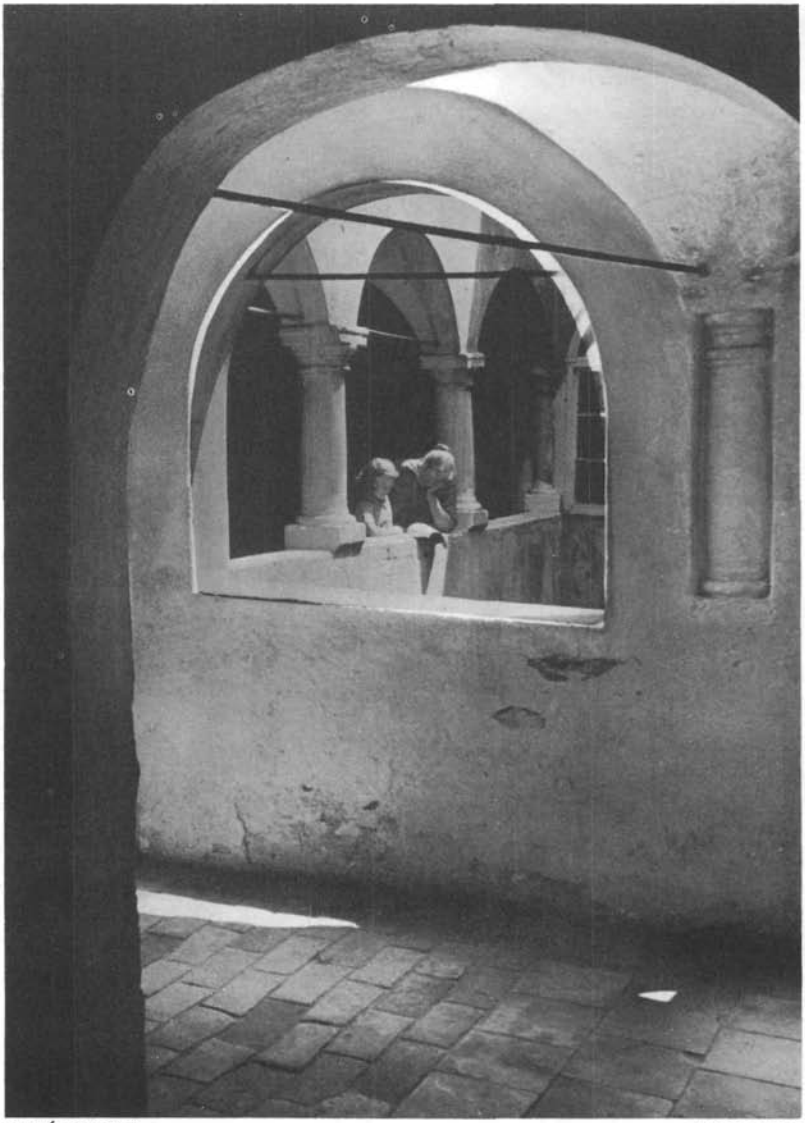

MIHÁLY EKE BUDAPEST

OF AN OLD WORLD PORTICO

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VADAS, BUDAPEST FROM SCHULZ, L. I.

OF A PENSIVE CHILD

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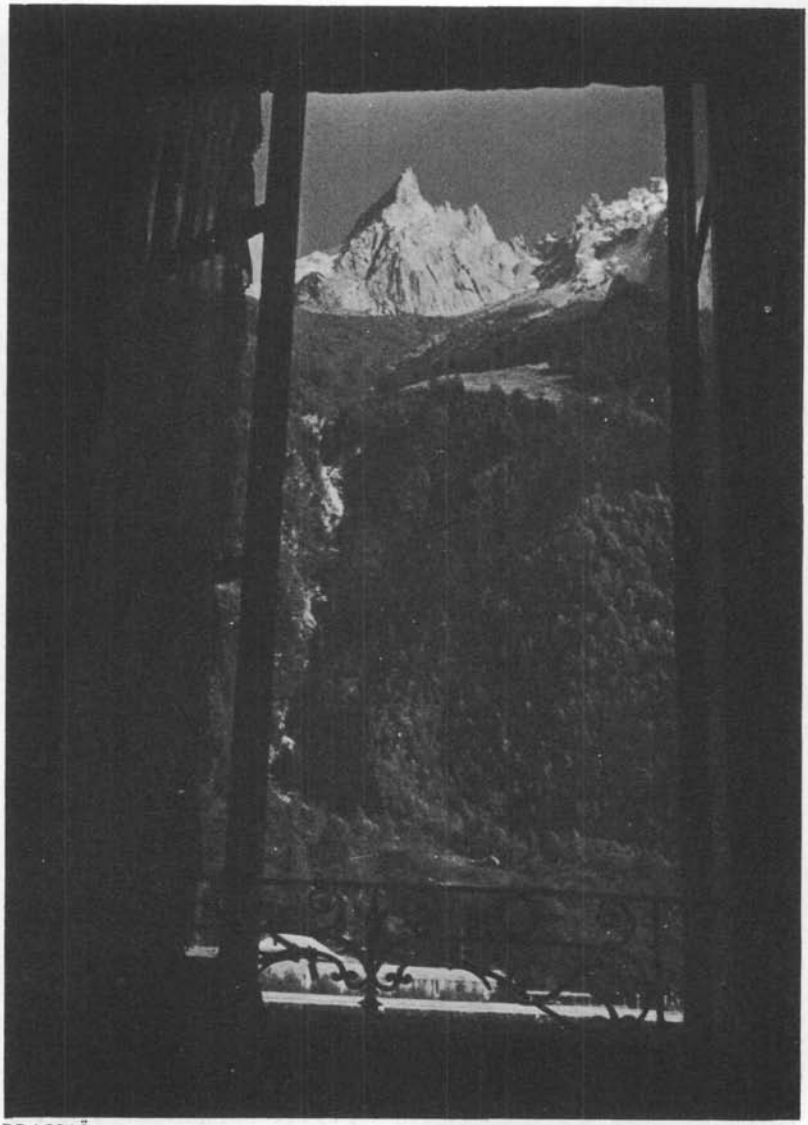

BRASSAÏ PARIS

OF ALPINE SUMMITS

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PIERRE JAHAN PARIS

OF THE CHANNEL COAST

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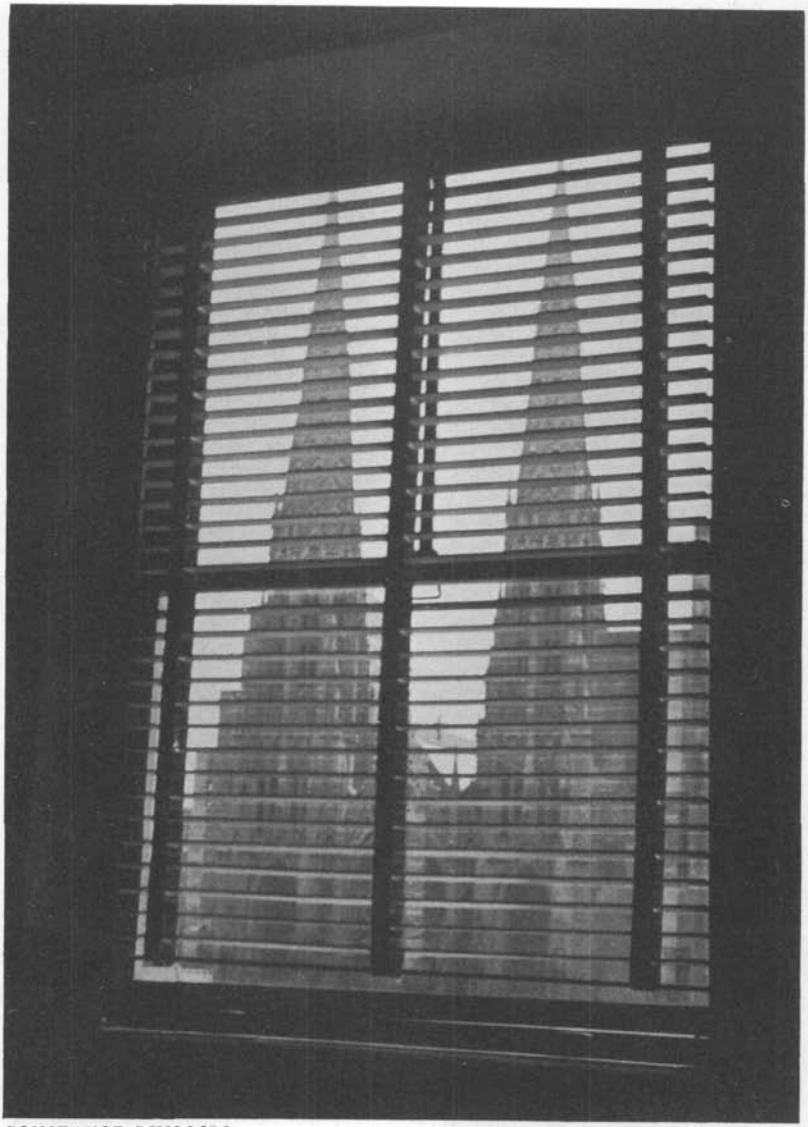

CONSTANCE PHILLIPS NEW YORK

OF A HOUSE OF WORSHIP

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STEPHEN DEUTCH CHICAGO

OF A HOUSE OF COMMERCE

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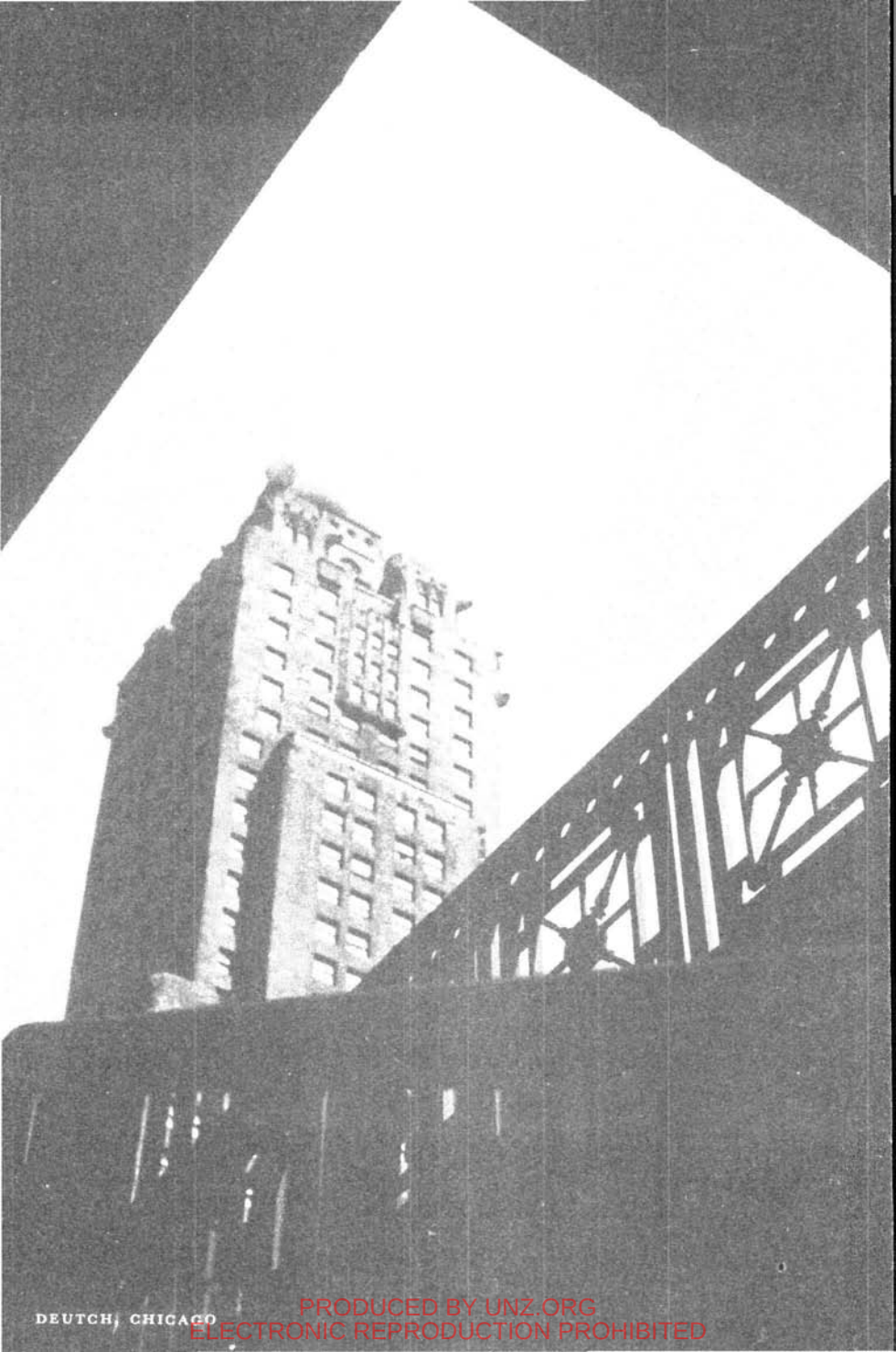

DEUTCH, CHICAGO

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TALKING PICTURES

ABOUT DON WALLACE, WHO HAS AN EYE FOR ILLUSTRATION AND A SOUL FOR ART

DON WALLACE never had the inclination to gaze enviously, from his once lowly vantage point, at the photographic stratosphere. He has always been too matter-of-fact for that, methodically climbing the ladder rung by rung until now he finds himself at the top.

He has come up from being a journeyman commercial photographer. He didn't know it at the time, but he was working toward the degree he now holds of master of illustrative photography. Magazines and agencies come to him as a matter of course when they have a tough nut to crack in editorial or advertising illustration.

It is a tribute to their taste, as well as to his versatility, that Wallace also ranks high as an "artistic" photographer. He rings the bell in Coronet as often as the best, and he is an Associate of the Royal Photographic Society. Wallace recognizes the gap between the two fields, but comes nearer to closing it every time he takes a picture.

Self-Portrait by Don Wallace

He has been sent on various assignments to nine different countries, aside from his tour of the galleries of Europe taking direct-color photographs of paintings for Coronet.

His only idiosyncrasy is his refusal to photograph a woman unless she is a paid model, to avoid backtalk. But he makes up for it by having placed unequivocal reliance on a woman, Doris Orrill, as his first assistant for the past ten years.—B.G.

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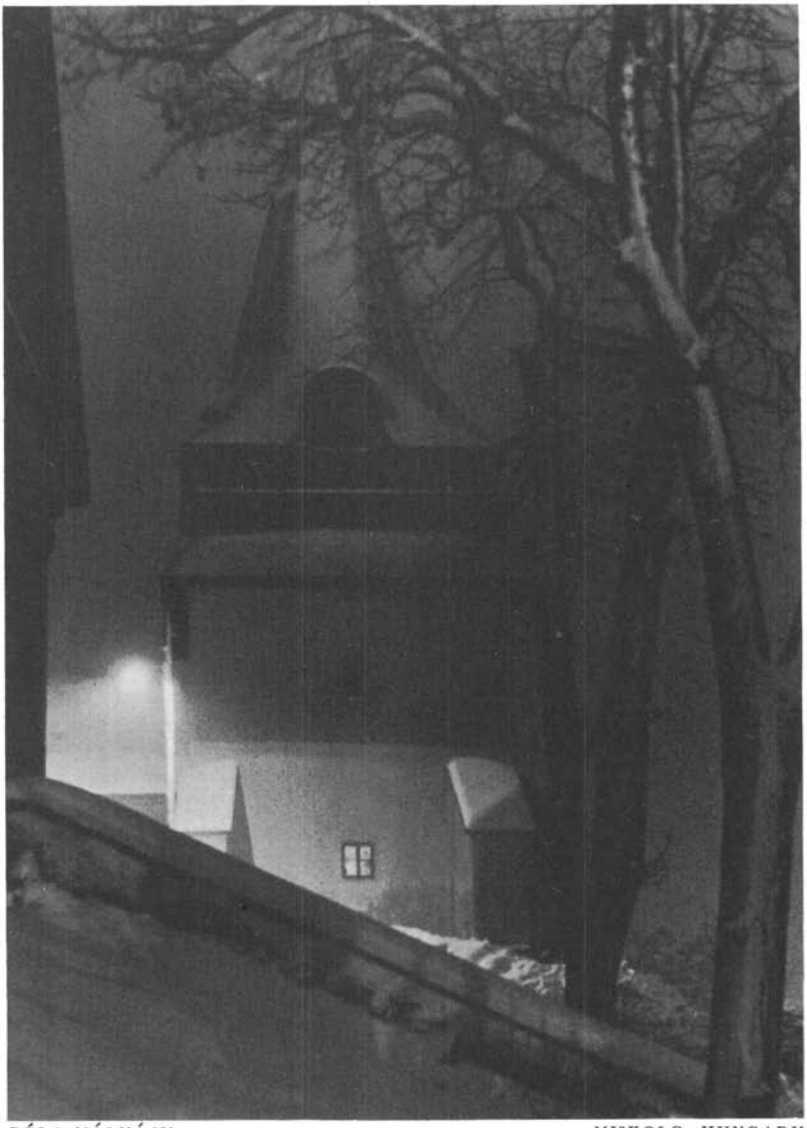

BÉLA MÁLNÁSY MISKOLC, HUNGARY

IN THE STILL OF THE NIGHT

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DON WALLACE CHICAGO

ANOTHER DAY

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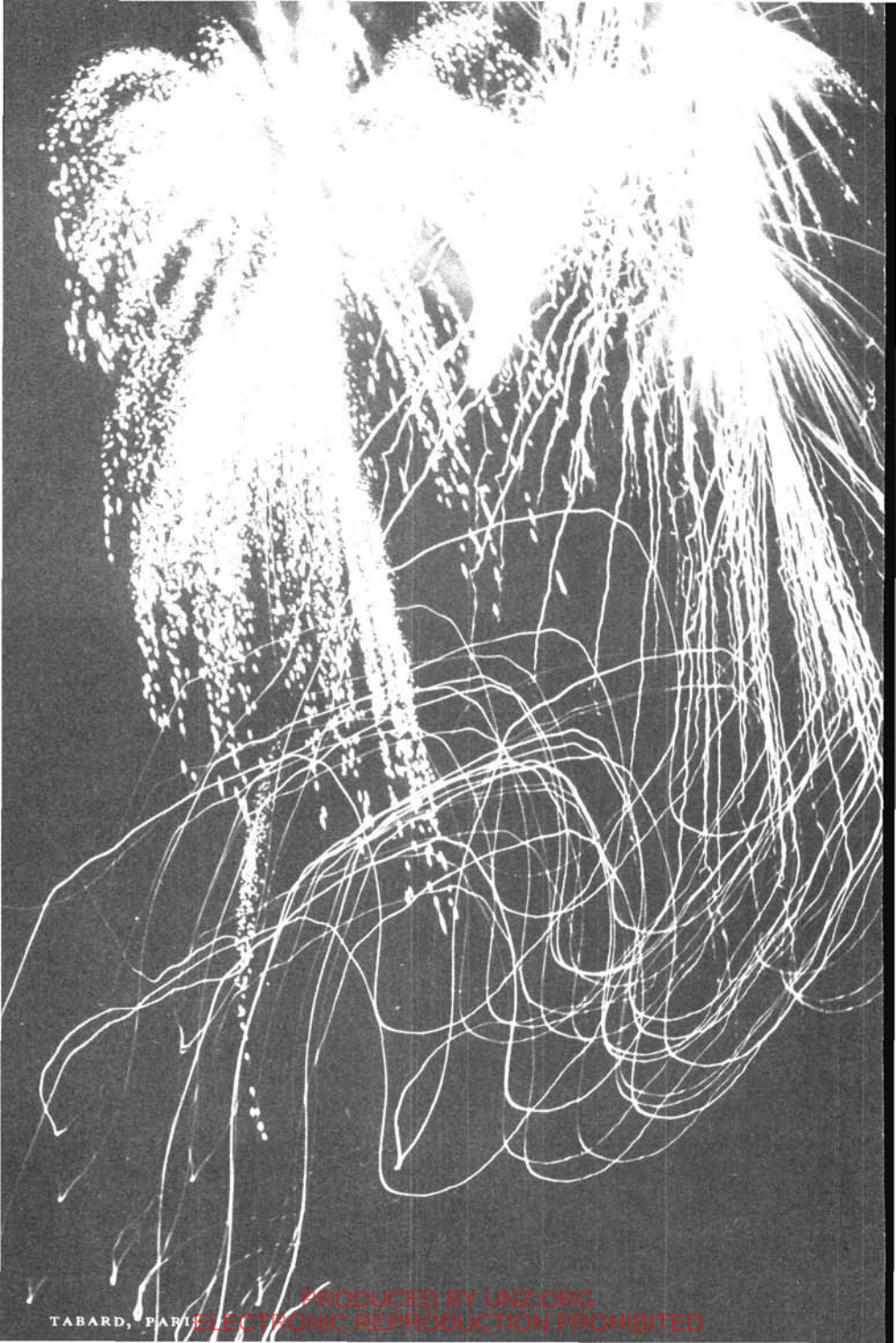

TABARD, PARIS

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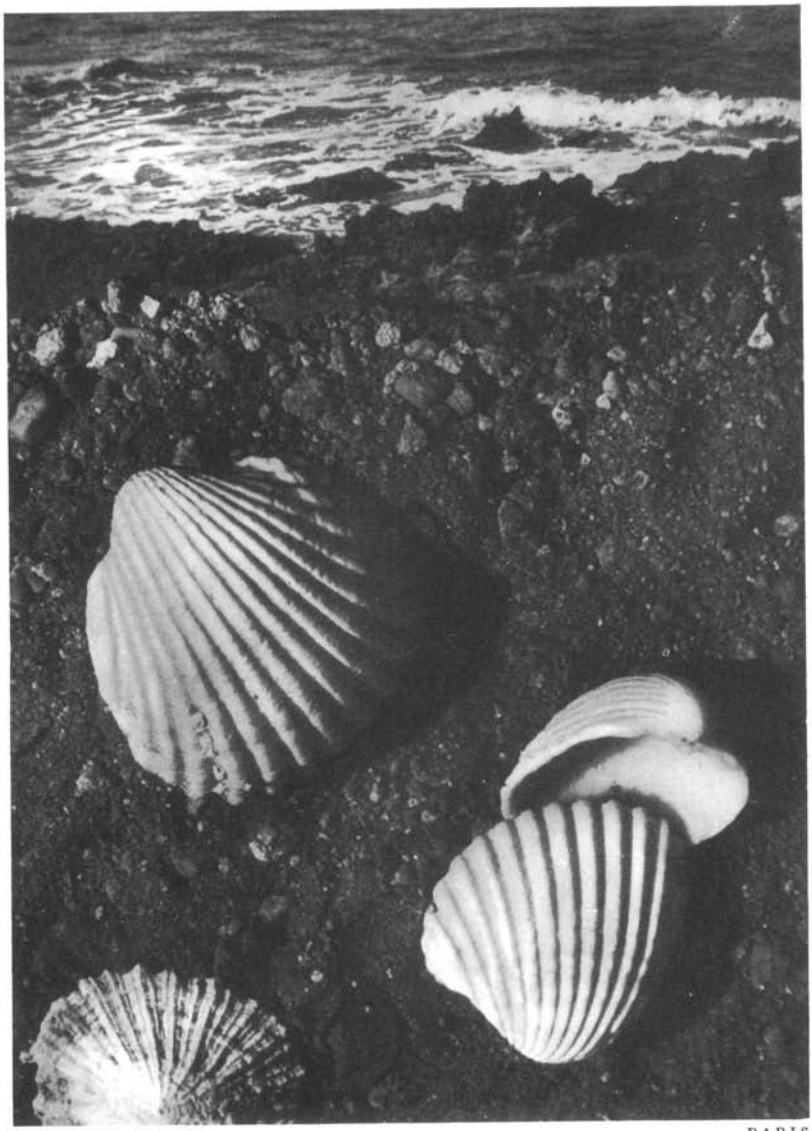

FLORENCE HENRI PARIS

SOUND OF THE SEA

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MRS. BRANSON DE COU NEW YORK

WAR

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MIHALY EKE BUDAPEST

AND PEACE

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DR. ZOLTÁN ZAJKY BUDAPEST

HOMEWARD STEPS

CORONET

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HEIN GORNY VIENNA

WINTER'S SHROUD

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ELIZABETH R. HIBBS NEW YORK

RESTLESS

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M. TOLNAI BUDAPEST

SERENE

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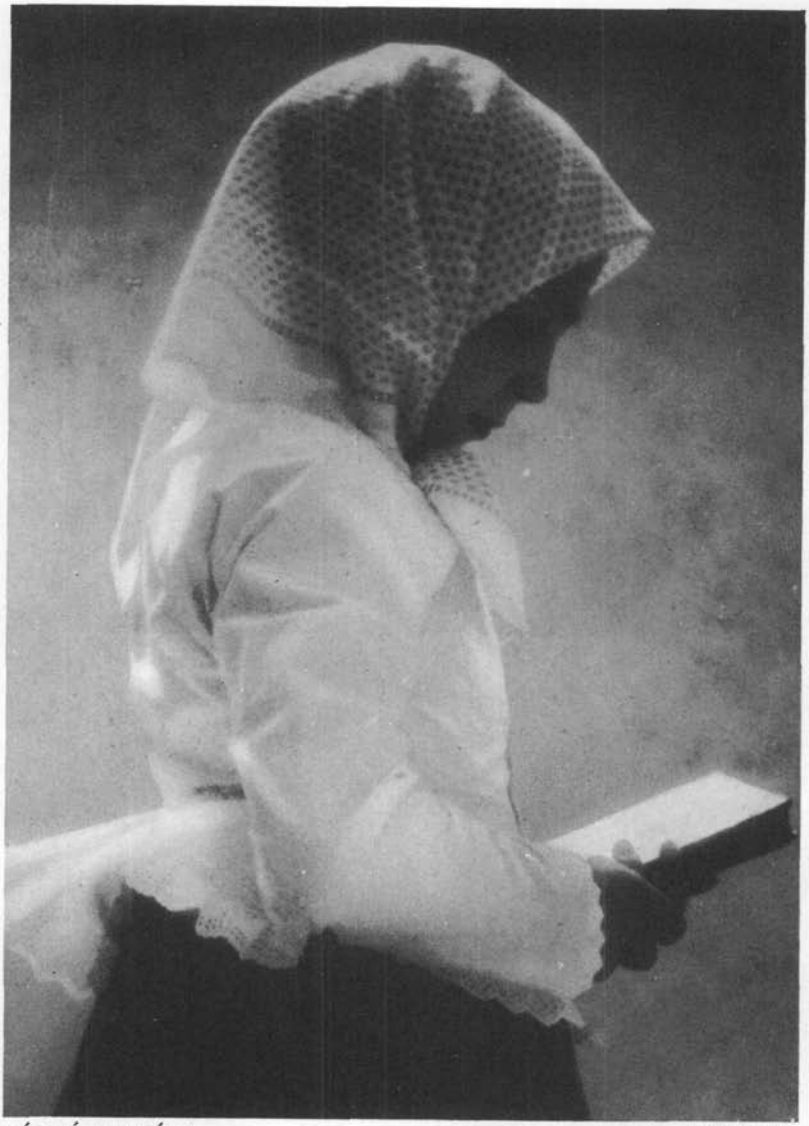

LÁSZLÓ HORVÁTH BUDAPEST

GOOD LITTLE GIRL

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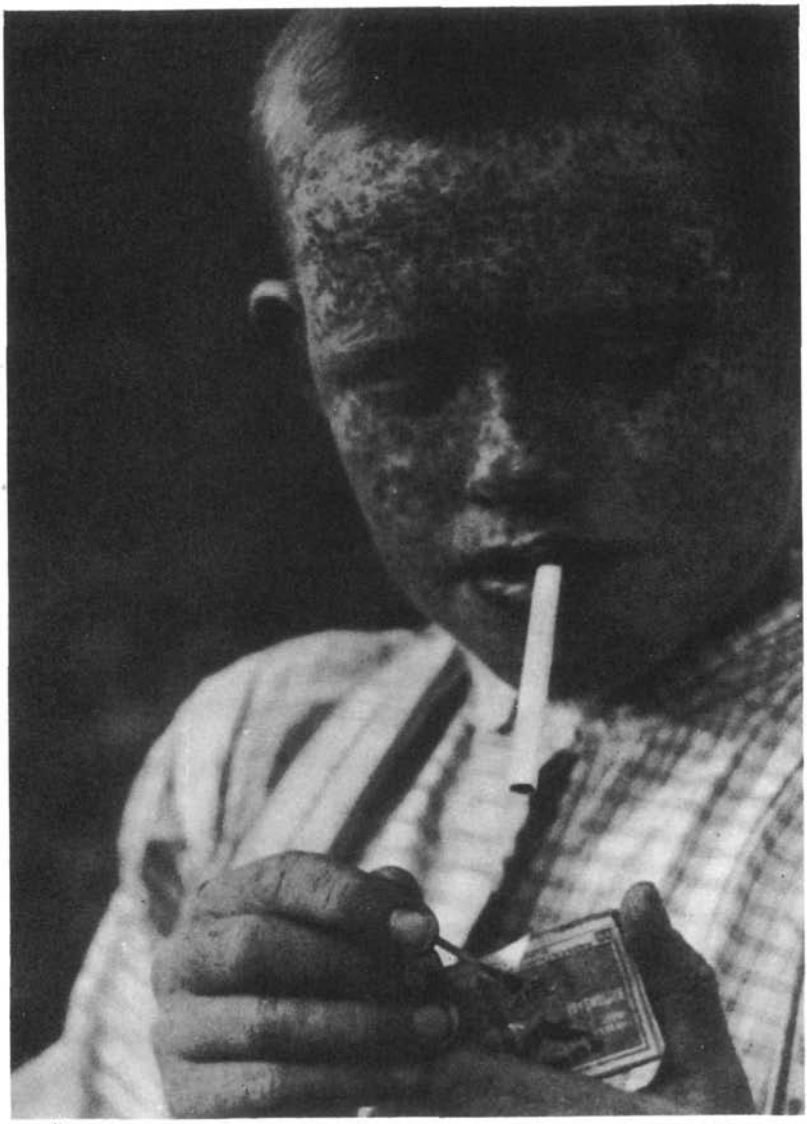

JENÖ DENKSTEIN BUDAPEST

BAD LITTLE BOY

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RUDY ARNOLD BROOKLYN

IMPULSE

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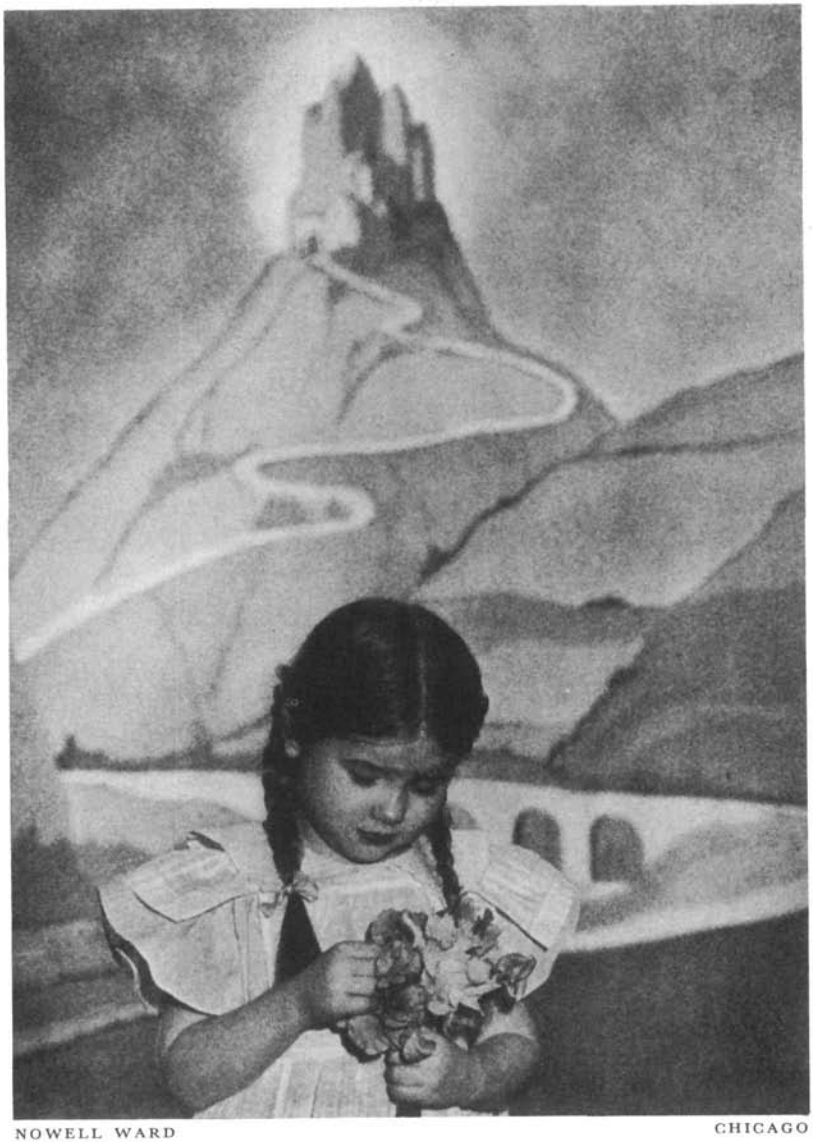

NOWELL WARD CHICAGO

ONCE UPON A TIME

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FREDERICK SIMPSON

TAHITI

DRIFTING AND DREAMING

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THOMAS O. SHECKELL — EAST ORANGE, N. J.

SNOWBOUND

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BLUMENFELD, PARIS

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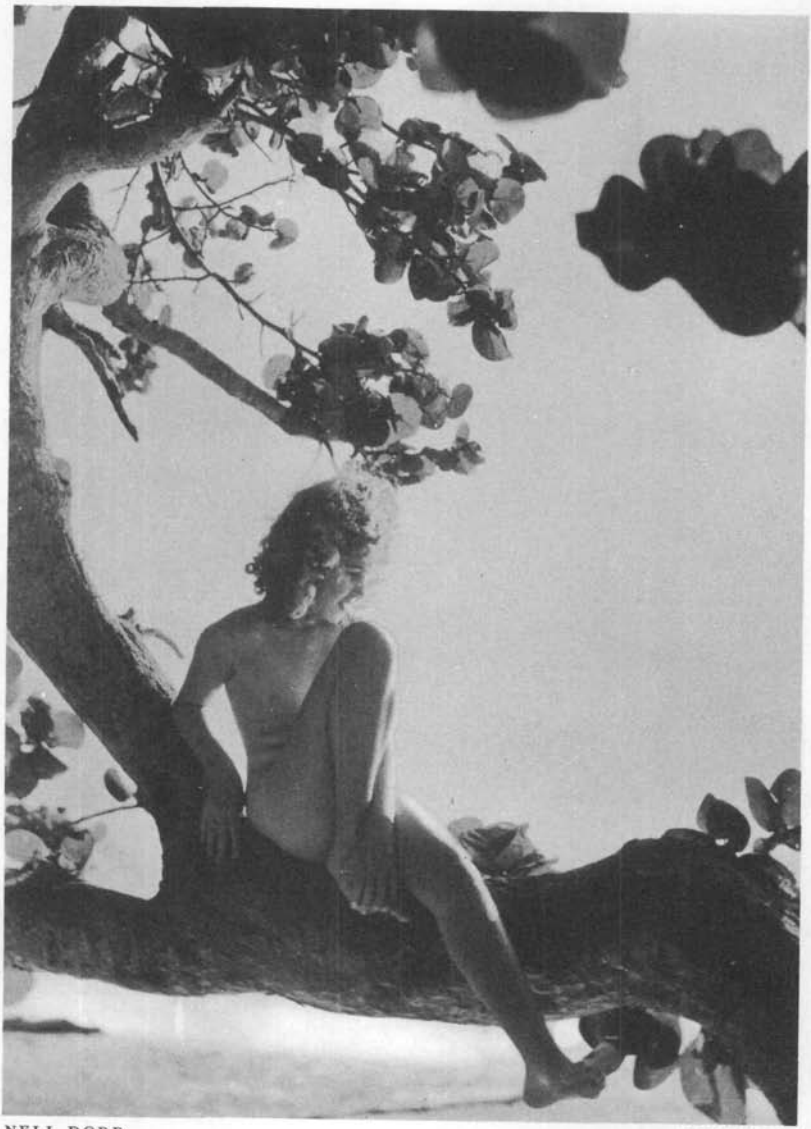

NELL DORR NEW YORK

ROCK-A-BYE

CORONET

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ERWIN BLUMENFELD PARIS

IMMUTABLE

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DR. L. LOWY VIENNA

ALTER EGO

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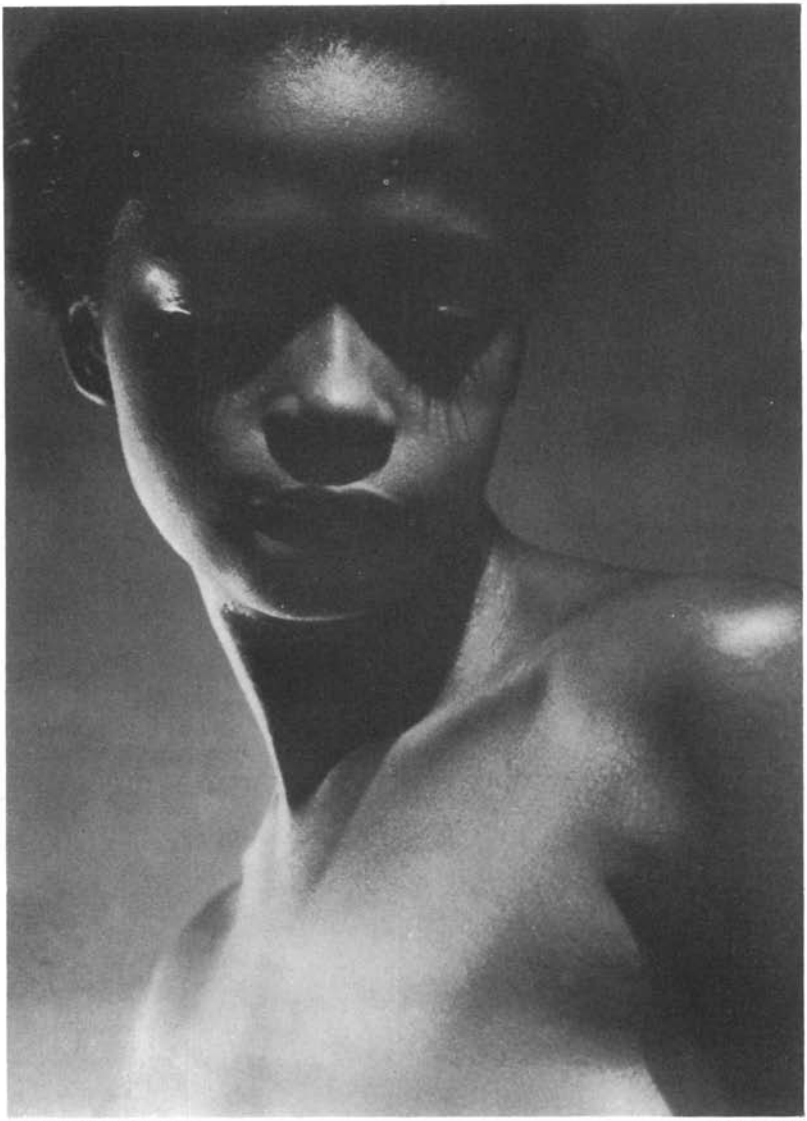

STEPHEN DEUTCH CHICAGO

ETHIOPE

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DON WALLACE CHICAGO

VOTARY

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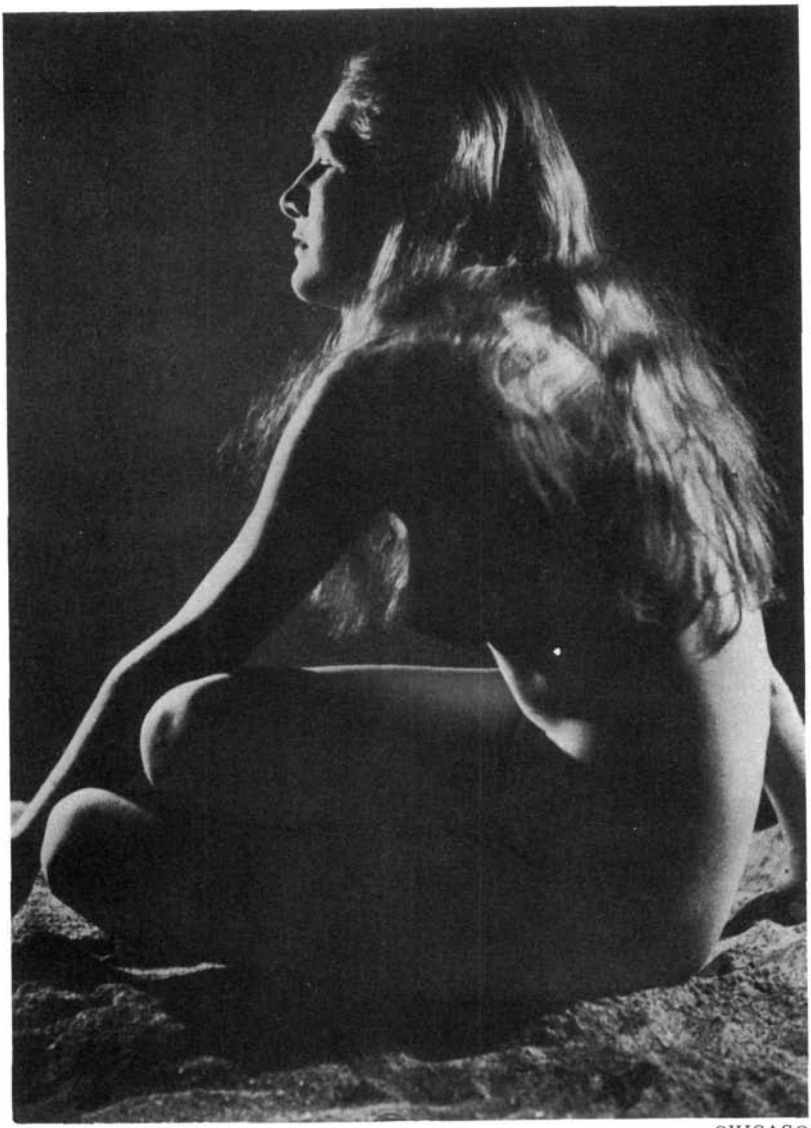

STEPHEN DEUTCH CHICAGO

SHADOW PLAY

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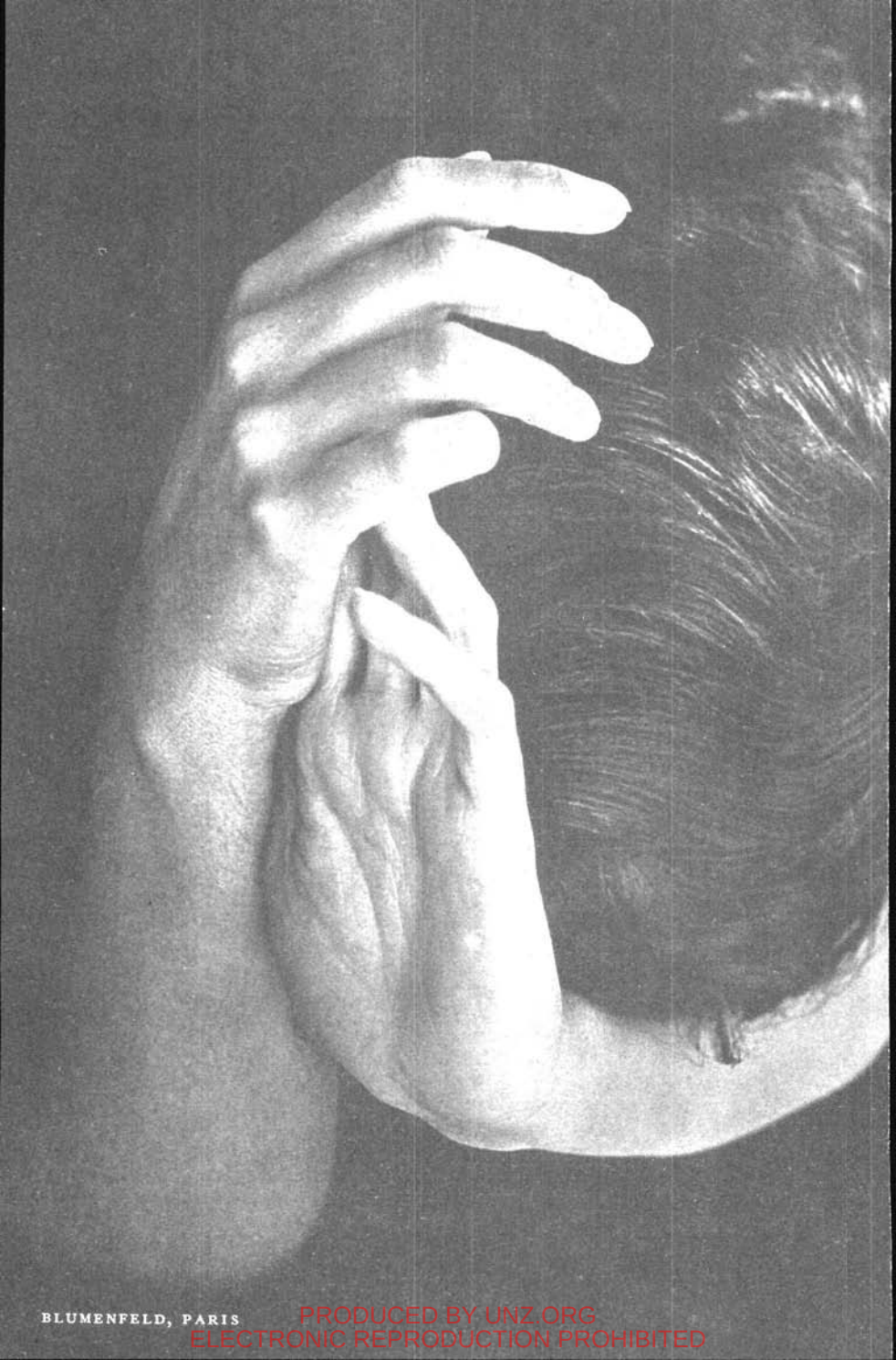

BLUMENFELD, PARIS

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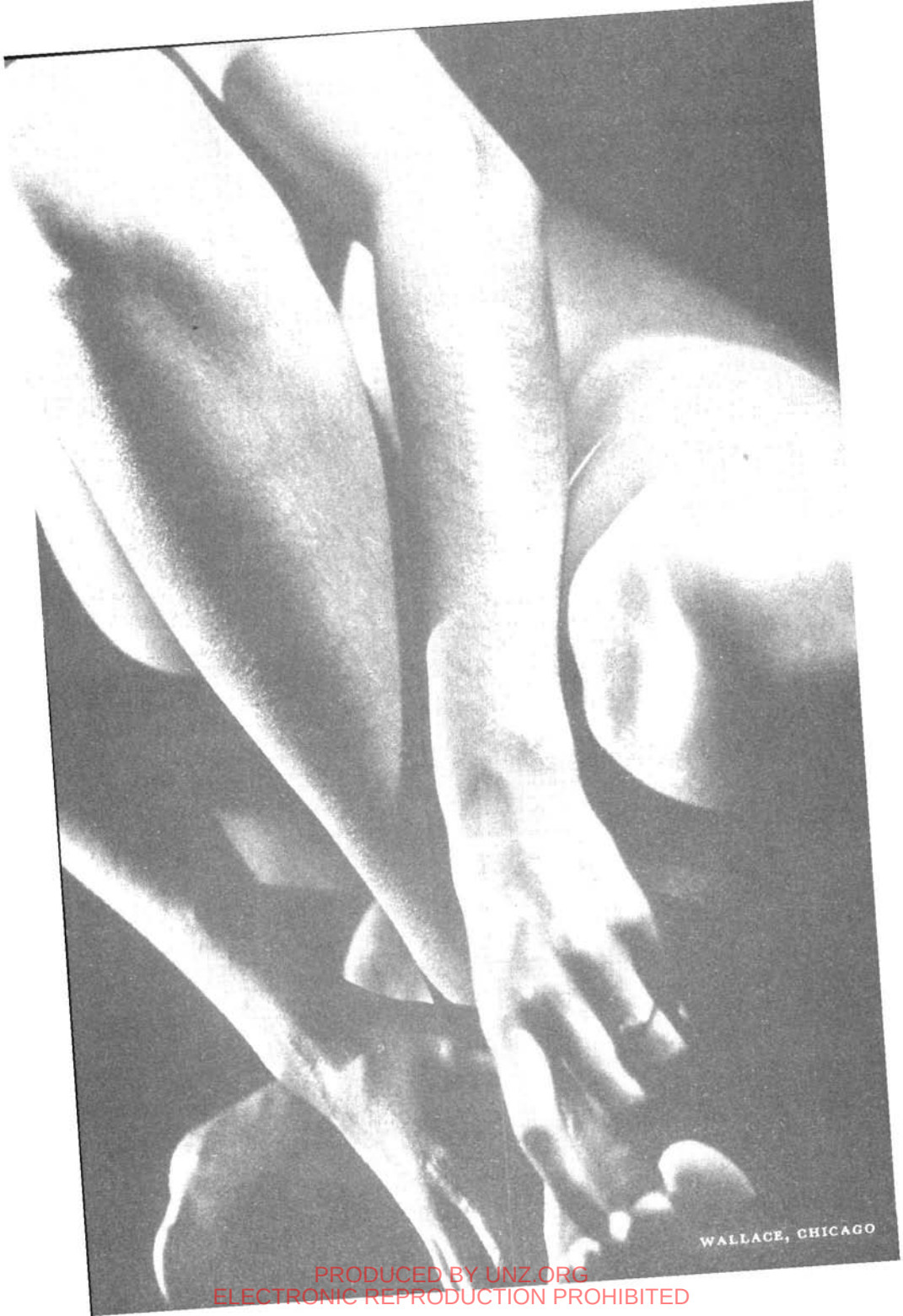

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ERWIN BLUMENFELD PARIS

REQUIESCAT

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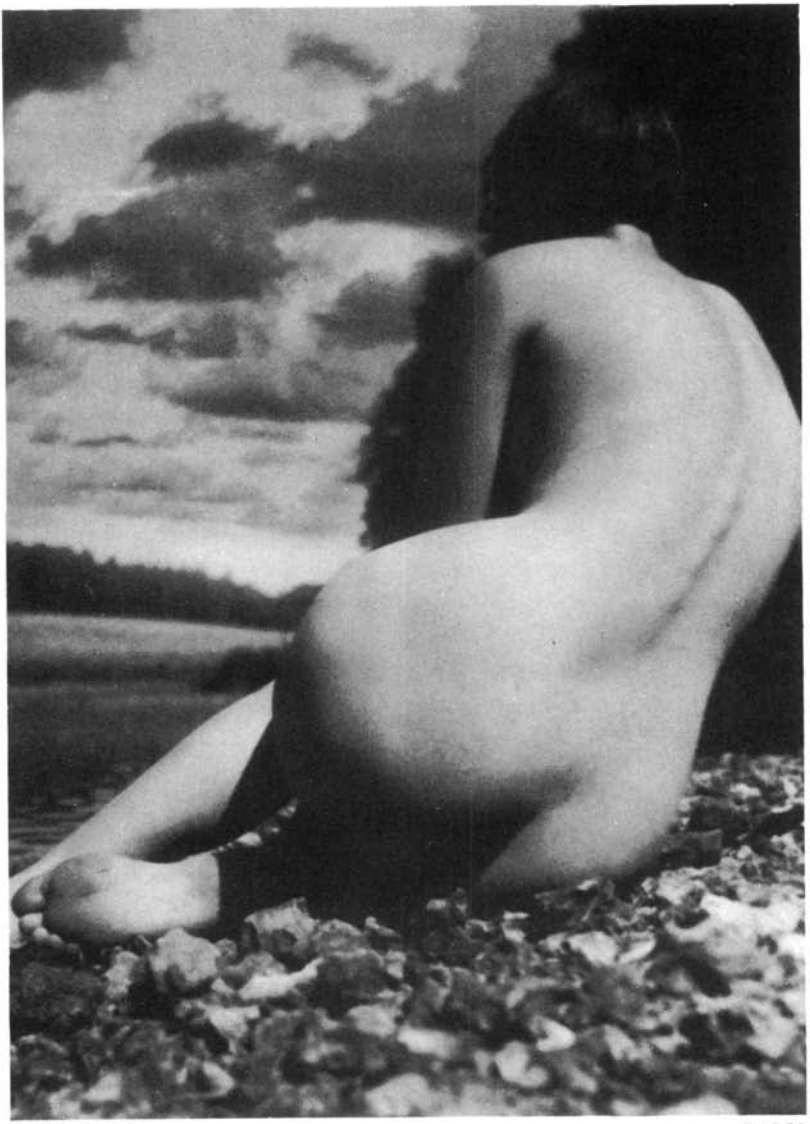

ERGY LANDAU PARIS

SABRINA

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VADAS, BUDAPEST FROM SCHULZ, L. I.

FORAGE

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H. W. WAGNER WORCESTER, MASS.

WHEN SPRING BREAKS THROUGH

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DR. CSÖRGEÖ BUDAPEST

THE QUICK WAY DOWN

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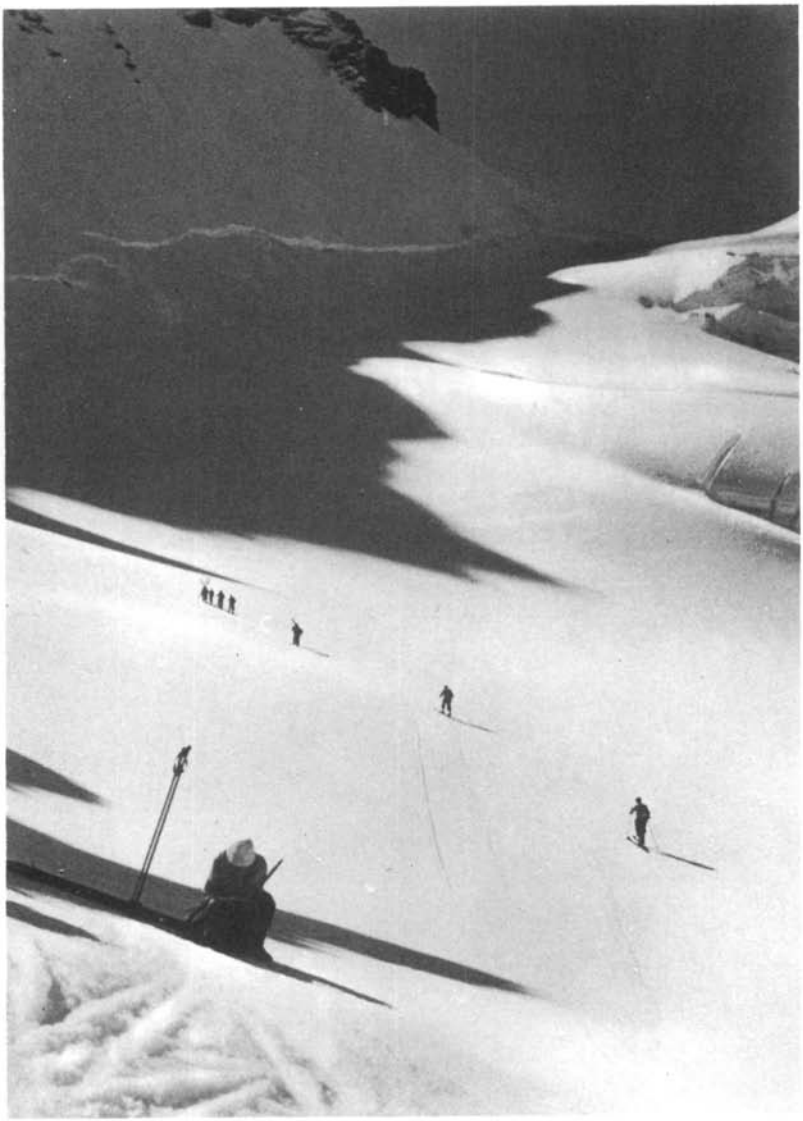

BERNARD MAURICE PARIS

THE LONG WAY BACK

FEBRUARY, 1938

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STEPHEN DEUTCH CHICAGO

TIME OUT

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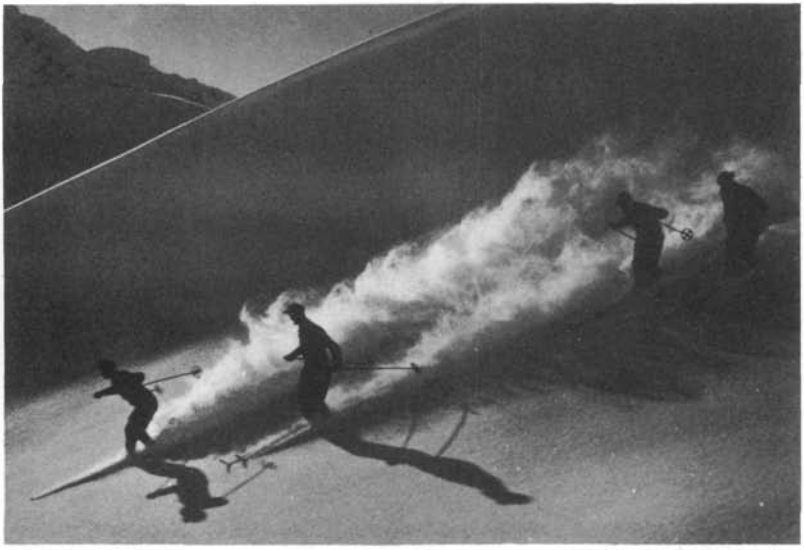

A. KLOPFENSTEIN BERNE, SWITZERLAND

SNOW DUST

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KÁROLY KLETZ MISKOLC, HUNGARY

TWO FACES

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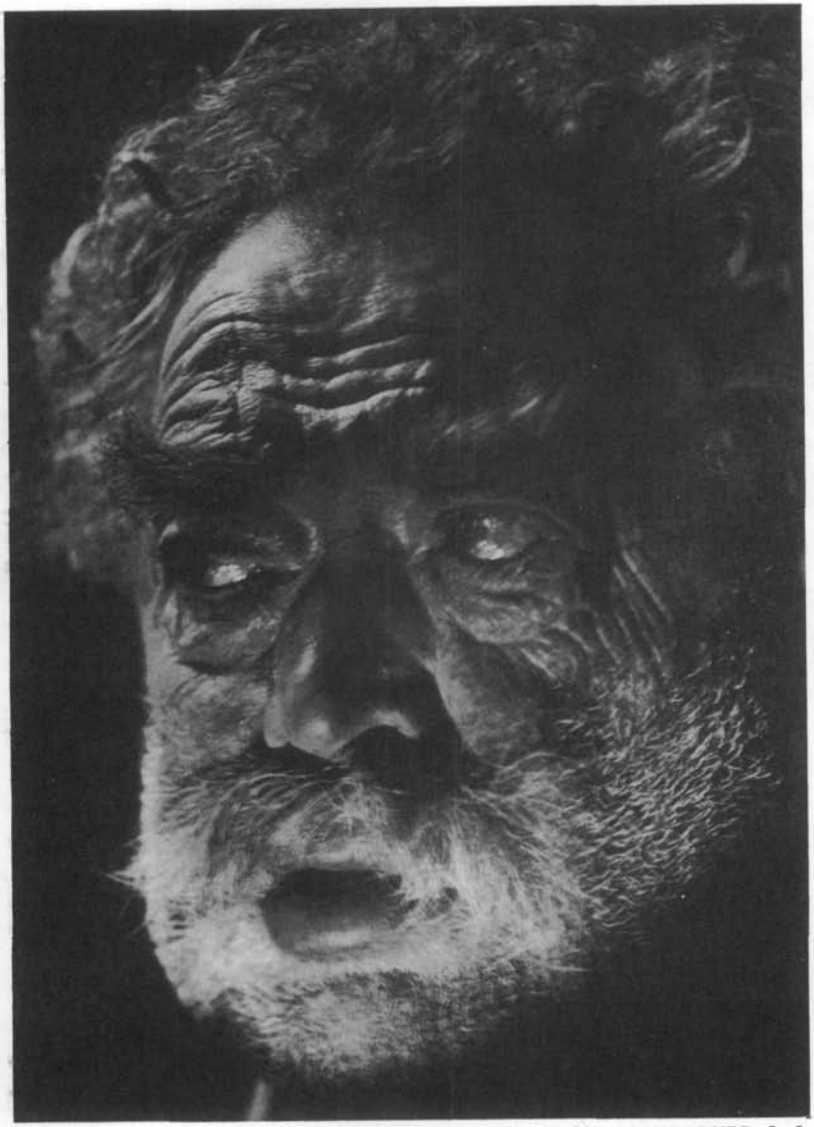

SCHWARZ FROM MONKEMEYER, L. I.

AT TWILIGHT

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ELIZABETH R. HIBBS NEW YORK

SPLEEN

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MAKOVSKA PARIS

MOTHERED FOAL

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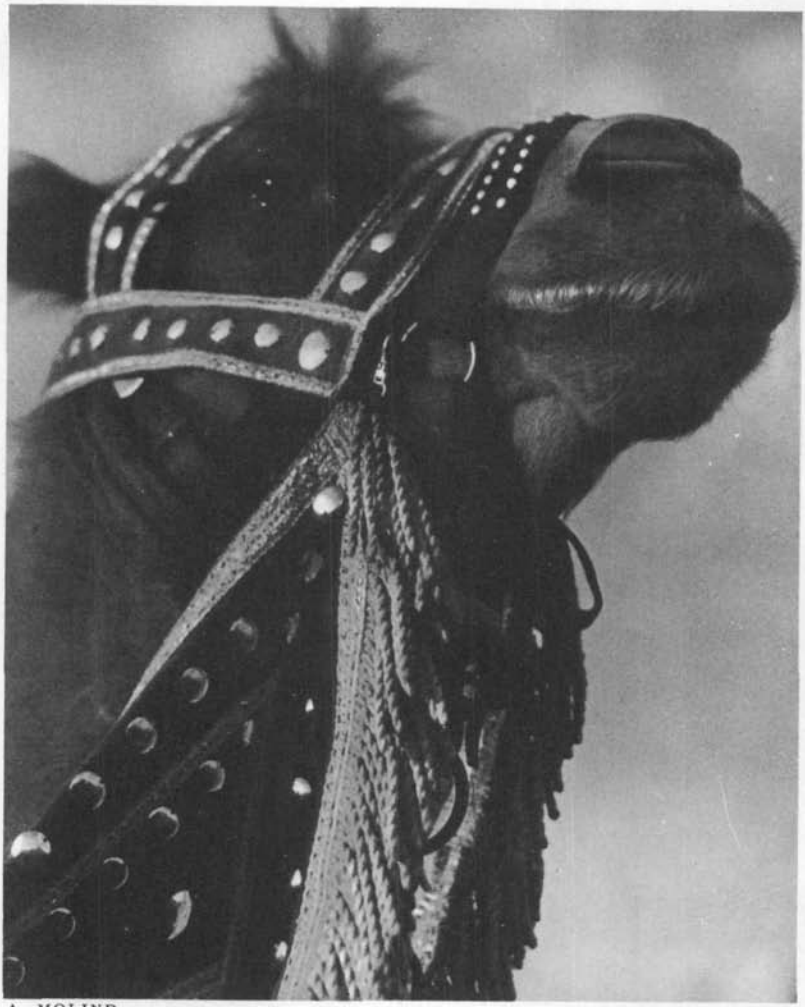

A. MOLIND PHILADELPHIA

SERVANT OF THE DESERT

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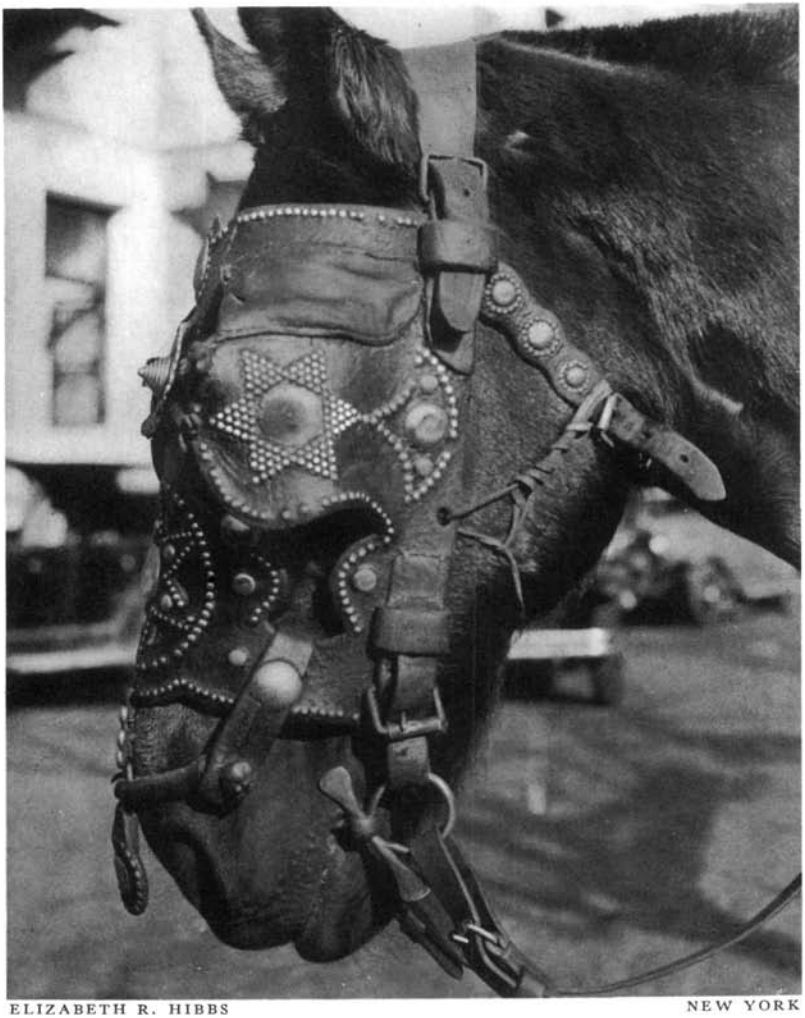

ELIZABETH R. HIBBS NEW YORK

SERVANT OF THE STREETS

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MIHÁLY EKE BUDAPEST

FLAME

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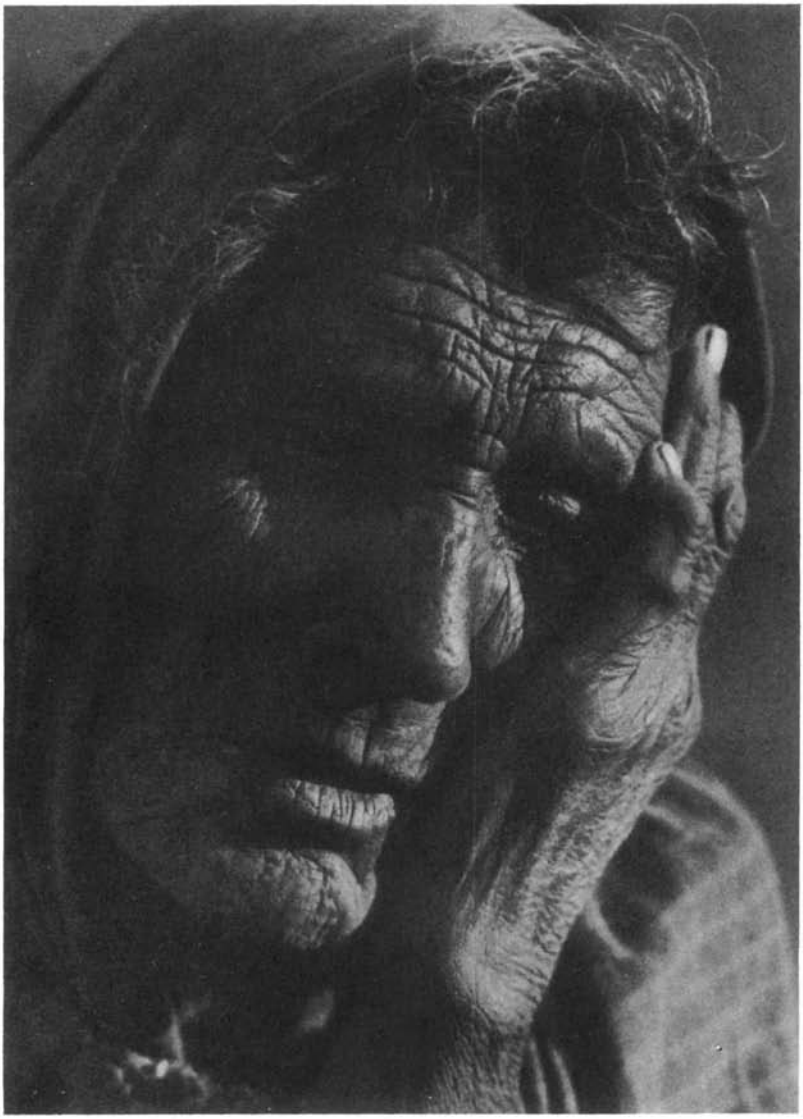

VADAS, BUDAPEST FROM SCHULZ, L. I.

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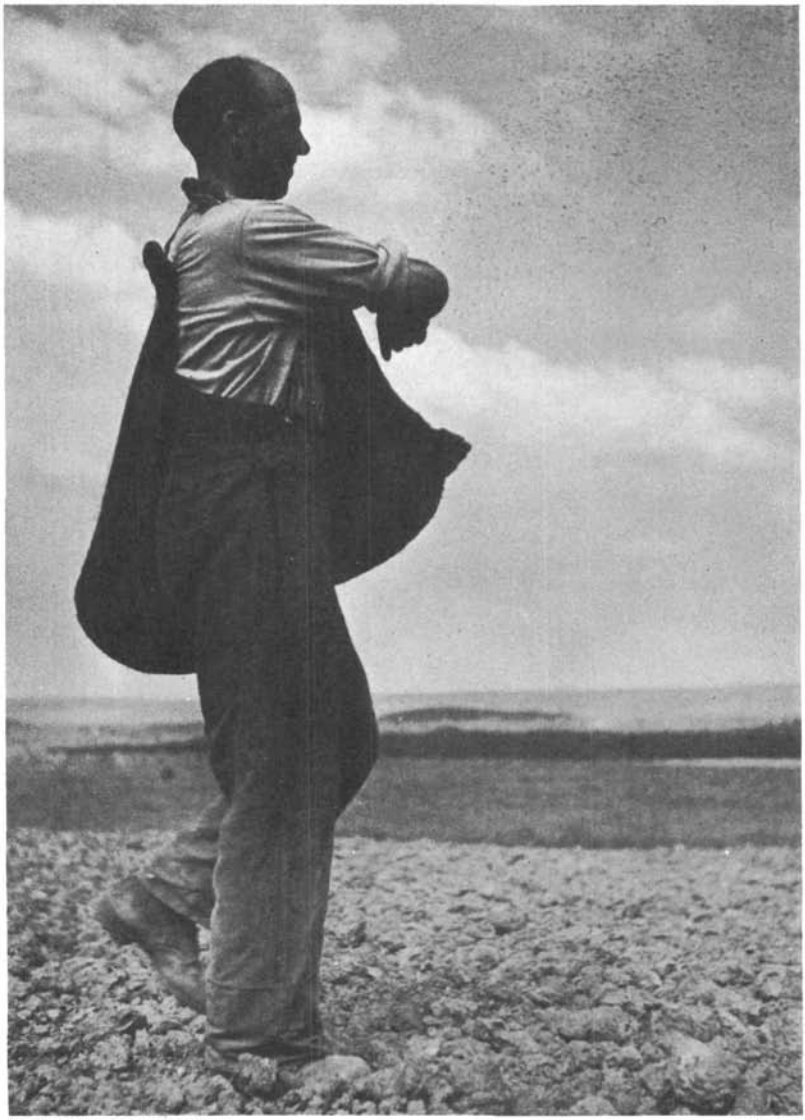
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



HANS BAUMGARTNER PARIS

SOWING

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PIERRE-ADAM PARIS

REAPING

FEBRUARY, 1938

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STEPHEN DEUTCH CHICAGO

PRIMROSE PATH

CORONET

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VADAS, BUDAPEST FROM SCHULZ, L. I.

SWEAT OF THE BROW

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PIERRE JAHAN PARIS

CONVENT

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NORA DUMAS PARIS

VINEYARD

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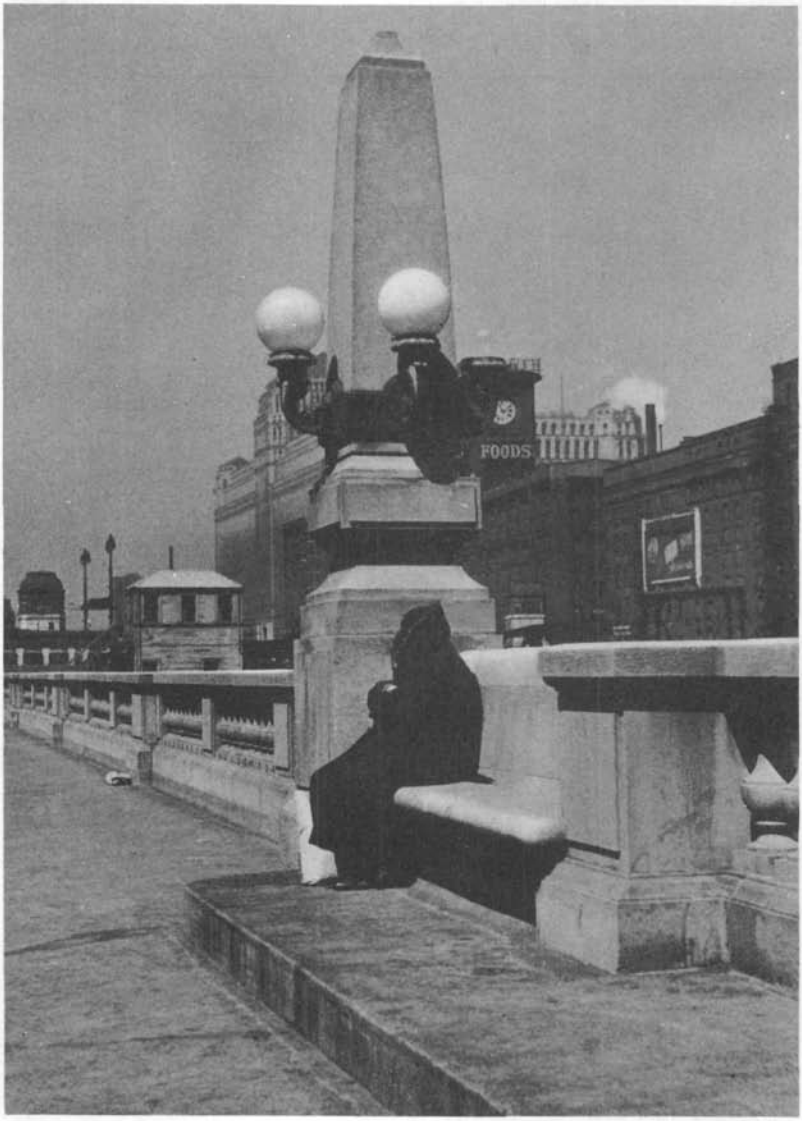

STEPHEN DEUTCH CHICAGO

ALL ALONE

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HANS BAUMGARTNER PARIS

TOGETHERNESS

FEBRUARY, 1938

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VADAS, BUDAPEST FROM SCHULZ, L. I.

THE GOOSE GIRL

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VADAS, BUDAPEST FROM SCHULZ, L. I.

SHADOW FAN

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VADAS, BUDAPEST FROM SCHULZ, L. I.

THE LONG DAY BEGINS

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ROLF STUTZ HAVANA

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BRASSAÏ, PARIS

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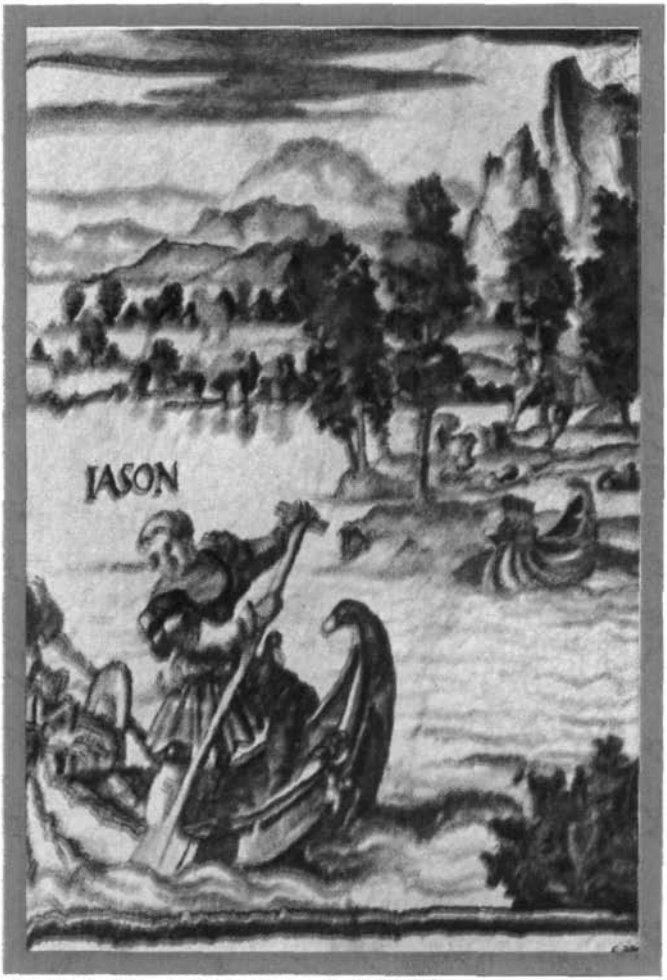

VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM, LONDON

THE ARGONAUTS IN TILE

The 16th century innovation of free-hand sketches on tile, vibrant with life and subtly beautiful in coloring, created a great vogue for animated fireplace and stove facings. A prime example are these tiles depicting the ancient Greek legend of Jason and the Golden Fleece.

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THE INCANTATIONS OF MEDEA

Jason, having landed at Colchis with his band of fifty heroes in quest of the Golden Fleece, as shown on the previous page, solicits the aid of Medea, a powerful sorceress, and the daughter of the king. Medea here invokes Hecate, goddess of witchcraft, on behalf of Jason.

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JASON AND THE FIRE-BREATHING BULLS

The king of Colchis agrees to surrender the Golden Fleece on condition that Jason yoke two wild bulls and sow a field with dragon's teeth, a task deemed impossible. But the king reckons without his own daughter, through whose spell Jason subdues the beasts to his will.

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JASON YOKING THE BULLS

When Jason ploughs the field and sows the dragon's teeth, a crop of armed men springs up to hurl themselves at him. But Medea has prepared him for this marvel too. Jason throws in their midst a magic stone, whereupon the warriors fall upon one another until all are slain.

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JASON VANQUISHING THE DRAGON

In the legend, Jason overcomes the dragon, set to guard the Fleece, by means of a sleeping potion. Working from a garbled version, or simply to give his customers more action, the 16th century artist instead shows Jason slaying the dragon in the best tradition of St. George.

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THE RAM WITH THE GOLDEN FLEECE

Again the artist enlivens one of the tiles with a gross inaccuracy, since according to legend the ram had been slain long before Jason's time and his fleece preserved in a secret grove. A bit belatedly, this scene shows one of the armed warriors springing up from the ground.

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THE MARRIAGE OF JASON AND MEDEA

What Jason did with the Golden Fleece after he got it, the legend does not tell. But one aftermath of his successful quest was his marriage to Medea, to whom he had betrothed himself in return for her promise of aid. It later proved to be a poor bargain for Jason.

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VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM, LONDON

THE DEATH OF CREUSA

Medea was not exactly a model wife. Jason eventually put her aside in favor of Creusa, but Medea evened the score by presenting the bride with a costume that burst into flames when it was put on. For added measure, Medea slew her children by Jason and set fire to the palace.

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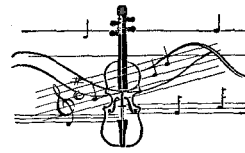
MR. PAGANINI

ONLY A PACT WITH THE DEVIL COULD EXPLAIN THE GENIUS OF THE WORLD'S FIRST VIRTUOSO



WHEN Antonio Paganini, "the hatefulest father in musical history," decided that his child Nicolo was the answer to the family's grueling poverty he accidentally discovered a genius.

It was not merely as an infant prodigy, as the first virtuoso, nor as the greatest technician of the violin that Paganini outpaced his rivals. He was a sensational character. If he had not been more important as a violinist he would have been remembered as a lover. And if he is not a celebrated duelist it is because every one knew that the finger which could vibrate a melody as light as air meant certain death on a trigger and refused to feel hurt when he trod on their honorable toes. Admired by his contemporaries for his gambling, his amours and his arrogance, he did not hesitate to humble kings and emperors. Yet, he was meek among friends, modest in his mode of life and the most devoted father an illegitimate son ever had.

Nicolo's domestic environment was propitious for the development of genius. He was hardly strong enough to lift a bow when his mother was visited by a celestial vision. An angel took the trouble to come down from heaven and tell her that her boy would be the greatest violinist in the world. This event is said to have inspired her son. On the other hand, Antonio scolded, whipped, starved, confined, overworked and assisted his son in many other similar ways to become great.

That the *bambino* had talent was obvious. His were the only ears that ached when his father played the mandolin. The family was poor and could not afford the rounded education, via the conservatory, that would surely have landed Nicolo in an orchestra. What the father had to impart was exhausted in a few weeks. Then one Genoese professional after another found himself with a child who looked down on his pedantry and went beyond his staid precepts. At the age when most children are struggling with the kindergarten, Nicolo was a good violinist. At eight, he had written a sonata for the violin. At eleven, he had made his professional debut playing his own variations on *La Carmagnole* with success.

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The following year, 1796, it was decided that Nicolo should go to Parma to study with the celebrated composer and violinist Rolla. When the father and son arrived at Rolla's house they found him sick in bed and in no mood to listen to the labored rasping of another fond papa's fancied prodigy. But this papa was different. He was not a rich man indulging a vanity. He was a resourceful poor man in deadly earnest. A violin and a copy of Rolla's last concerto were lying on a table. The father nodded to the son. Nicolo put the violin under his chin and played the piece at sight. The performance had such a tonic effect on Rolla that he jumped out of bed. However, Rolla informed the Paganinis that he could teach Nicolo nothing.

"In God's name let him go to Paër," he said. "Here he will be wasting his time."

Later on, to give his natural talents full play, Paganini had to write his own music. But he went so far in inventing difficulties that he was forced to enlarge the existing violin technique in order to play what he wrote. As a musician Paganini owed much to his teachers. As a box office attraction he owed much to his father. As a violinist he was self-made and self-taught.

Antonio was quick to follow up the infant prodigy motif, and to exploit it. He was such a keen psychologist that he represented the son's age at the time of his debut as nine, when in fact it was eleven. A tour of the cities of Lombardy followed. Without a visible transition the boy stepped into the first rank of violinists on this tour. His tender age and his extraordinary technique drew the crowds. His poise, his authoritative bowing, his harmonics and pizzicato, his willingness to play what the audience applauded won the favor of those crowds.

The father, who never let his son get out of sight, accompanied him everywhere. Nicolo was tiring of this tutelage. He wanted freedom and some of those box office receipts the old man was stuffing into his pockets. The break came in 1797. However, his father's letters, rare for their brevity and their biting sarcastic salutation "Dear Mr. Son," did not let Nicolo forget his filial duty.

In a new world, and on his own for the first time, Nicolo Paganini was no less successful. After Lucca he toured Pisa, Leghorn, Parma and other places in a whirl of sensational concerts. The stir he caused was considerable. This was not solely on account of his playing. Though only a boy, he was becoming notorious for his gambling and women. A lifetime of repression was discounted in hours of debauchery. The profits of whole concerts were swept from his place by the croupiers in a single night. Nor could he resist the faint smile of a wench any more than the insistent advances of a jade. His life vacillated between triumphant concerts, languid smiles, rapturous lips, and gay

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friends and rounds of cards, empty pockets, sneers and fretful nights. The pawnbroker relieved him of everything of value, including his violin.

At the turn of the century, when Paganini was still in his late teens, he disappeared completely from public life. A wealthy "lady of title," whose anonymity has never been broken, reversed the Middle Ages and carried him off to her castle in the Tuscan hills. Modern times had indeed arrived. The circumstances indicate that this lady, he called her Dida, was determined and energetic and probably as ripe as cherries in July. To Paganini she was "your implacable friend." This did not bode well for the romantic aspects of the liaison.

How the escape from the sylvan bower was effected is unknown. He had dallied from the autumn of 1801 to that of 1804. It was a long time for a virtuoso to be parted from his instrument, the crowds, the glittering salons and the concert platform.

The following year Princess Elise, Napoleon's eldest sister, was forming her miniature Versailles at Lucca. The Eagle had finally deigned to elevate his fantastic, unfeminine sister. Though often jilted before her brother began to go places, she had finally dug up a dull and dignified Corsican husband in Felice (Happy)—formerly Pascale (Fool)—Baciocchi. Though few loved her, as Princess of Lucca and Piombino, many were bound to honor and obey her. Among the latter was Paganini, Court Musician and Captain of the Guard. It is also intimated that he held another position to which no one alluded but of which all, except Felice, were aware.

He was soon in love with several ladies among whom was a countess whom he courted ardently. But one had to be careful. To aid his cause Paganini announced a *Scene Amoureuse* for one of his court concerts. He warned his chosen one to look for a surprise. What followed can best be left to Paganini's own recollection:

"General curiosity was excited and the astonishment of the audience was excessive when I appeared with only two strings. I had retained the G and the E. One was to express the sentiments of the lady while the other was to represent the voice of her lover. I worked up a sort of passionate dialogue in which the most tender accents followed transports of jealousy. The music was now insinuating, now plaintive; there were cries of rage and sounds of joy; sighs of pain and happiness . . . I will not speak of the intoxicating glances which the lady of my dreams cast in my direction."

This performance was to have an influence far greater than that of weakening the resistance of the countess. After the performance, the Princess Elise was led to remark flatteringly that she wondered whether one string was not enough for Paganini. This was the origin of the compositions for, and performances on, the G string alone, which became one of the features of his concerts.

At the age of four Nicolo had fallen into a cataleptic state after some illness. But for an almost invisible move-

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ment noticed by his mother he would have been buried alive. The severe routine and starvation imposed by his father took their toll on his organs. A highly sensitized nervous system ruined his digestion. When he grew up he contracted "the malady which does not pardon," as the French say. In addition, he had the medical profession to cope with. Once he was nearly killed by a doctor due to an incorrect diagnosis. In 1825 Dr. Borda bled him five times and subjected him to a mercurial treatment for a violent cough. He never could plan anything from his earliest days with any assurance that sickness would not assert a prior claim on his time. Most of his time was spent in bedroom slippers. In fact his life seemed a constant journeying to the brink of death and back again. Under the circumstances it is not surprising that though he had often considered it, he had not yet made a tour of Europe.

On July 23, 1825 Paganini became the father of a son baptized Achilles Cyrus Alexander. The child's mother had been an assisting artist on Paganini's programs. The union was blessed neither by the church nor by domestic bliss. Their life together was a teapot tempest of feminine rages.

It was with this helpmeet and these antecedents that Paganini at last crossed the Alps, headed for Vienna, his boy tucked under his cape. He stood at the zenith of his power as a violinist.

In Vienna there was little tranquillity for him until he rid himself of "the Bianchi woman." She made life so uncomfortable for him that he was glad to buy her off at her own price. The boy remained with his father. Indeed the only recreation Paganini had in his later years was spoiling his son. No childish whim ever went unsatisfied. He never permitted any one else to wash or dress him. Once, when the boy had broken his ankle, he was ordered to lie still in bed until the bone had knit. After a time the boy became fidgety. The worried father then took him on his lap, entertained him and sat with him continuously for eight days. By that time Paganini was having spells of dizziness and was ordered out for fresh air and a walk.

From advance notices Vienna had prepared to meet a demon. The rumors which had circulated in Italy were given wide publicity, and even elaborated. His extraordinary ability on one string was attributed to a long term in prison where a mean jailer refused to let him have more. He had murdered his wife and conspired with the Carbonari. The strings of his fiddle were made from his wife's intestine; the wood, from his father's coffin. He had made a Faustian compact exchanging his soul for virtuosity. Moreover he was the very image of the devil. Of all these slanderous stories only the latter had even a semblance of truth. His tall hollow figure, his sallow, often livid, face, his feverish eyes that burned in dark

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caverns did create a feeling that a grave was yawning for him, that he would arouse the shrieks of ghouls if he stirred on a dark night. The dread of his fiendish power was so real that people crowding around to look at him after a concert crossed themselves if he accidently touched them.

Yet this person exercised an irresistible attraction over the public. They feared him, so they went to see and hear him in droves not only in Vienna but in all the cities he visited.

As he shuffled across the stage the first impulse of the audience was to laugh. When he lifted his bow and curved himself around the violin in his own peculiar manner it was awed into silence. The bow smashed upon the strings with careless assurance. The listless figure became dynamic; the sallow face glowed with ghastly animation. In passages of terrific speed he ran from the lowest G to the highest half note on the E string. The dry, wiry hand had a supernatural agility. The playing of double and triple stops astonished the musicians. The *cantino* voice, sublime with emotion, sad with tremulous grief, raging with passion, won the public. The audience thrilled to his mixture of harmonics and pizzicato, to the sensuous beauty of his golden tone.

Paganini's tour was a triumphal march through Austria, Germany, Poland, France, England and Ireland. All protested at his prices and were subdued by his magic. At his first concert in Paris the expectation was so great one could have heard a feather drop. Surprise at his bravura became enthusiasm as he demonstrated an unexpected wealth of melodic inspiration. The crowd shrieked and yelled its appreciation.

"It was truly the revelation of a new world. It was art in its most striking and varied manifestations," said a critic. "The violin sighed, menaced, cursed and prayed in turn. It expressed all the emotions of the heart, all the sounds of nature, all the facts of life."

London was indignant at the pursuit of his practice of raising admission prices. The *Times* and other newspapers stormed editorially at this attempt of "the foreigner" to shear English sheep. An enterprising magazine calculated that, at the prices asked, a full house on the first night would have brought almost four thousand pounds. The satirist asked:

> ". . . who are those who pay five guineas
> To hear this tune of Paganini's?
> Echo answers—'Pack-o-ninnies.' "

While the cheaper seats were always crowded at Paganini's London concerts the boxes were nearly always empty. The boycott of Paganini was led by the aristocracy. It turned out, however, that the King was interested in having Paganini perform at court. An agent sounded him out on his fee and was told that it would be one thousand pounds sterling. The agent protested that it was too high.

"You may tell your master to at-

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tend one of my public concerts," Paganini told him. "I feel certain they are well within his means."

Paganini's contempt toward inferiors, particularly servants who stood around for tips, gave him a reputation for avariciousness. In Italy he was called Signor Paganienti (Mr. Paynothing). Yet he paid willingly for services rendered. He supported his mother, and his sisters' families throughout his life, for the only incentive his success gave his relatives was to do nothing. Moreover, he handed Hector Berlioz twenty thousand francs in a sum to rescue that worthy from the burden of poverty.

Nicolo Paganini's last years were clouded not only by illness but by melancholy. His lifelong search for a companion had been in vain. All he could remember were pin pricks, slaps in the face and stabs in the back. The peace of Villa Gaiona, which he had bought in his last years, was troubled by the dishonest acts of business agents. The last months of his life were passed at Nice. He sought to check the full ebb of his strength in its balmy climate. For a time his faculties acquired new energy, his imagination fresh power. It was the brief Indian summer of a genius; the echo of a voice already still, the flash of a star already fallen.

The peace which was conceded to his spirit on the hour of his death was not extended to the mortal remains. The church refused him burial on sacred ground. Then his body was placed in the pesthouse until the health authorities were forced to remove it. A second-hand-goods dealer offered a large sum for the corpse for the purpose of showing it in England. He was fortunately refused. But this flesh, so belabored in life, remained a pilgrim for years even in death—a corpse in search of a peaceful grave.

—JOHN J. PASCIUTTI

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGES 83-84

1. Fidelio. 2. Strait of Magellan. 3. Old Ironsides. 4. Nicotine. 5. Georgia. 6. Alexander the Great. 7. Falcons. 8. Neptune. 9. Sir Francis Drake. 10. Equinox. 11. Earthquake, temblor. 12. Study of shells. 13. Horatio. 14. Three. 15. The Deluge. 16. Missouri River. 17. Checkers. 18. Half-Moon. 19. Hiawatha. 20. Opium. 21. Methuselah. 22. Mormons. 23. Norwegian. 24. Great Salt Lake. 25. The Clermont. 26. Monte Carlo. 27. Gallia. 28. Joseph Lister. 29. Mnemonics. 30. India-rubber. 31. Carbolic acid. 32. Baal. 33. Dictionary. 34. Seven years. 35. The Netherlands. 36. Minotaur. 37. Napoleon. 38. The Inquisition. 39. Acoustics. 40. Oscan, Etruscan or Greek. 41. Balaklava. 42. South Carolina (first), Tennessee (last). 43. Moscow. 44. No Man's Land. 45. Poetry. 46. Esquire. 47. Adrianople. 48. About 1/48th of an inch. 49. Lathe. 50. Logic.

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REPUTATIONS FOR SALE

DIRECT TESTIMONY THAT A MAN'S LIFE IS WHAT HIS BIOGRAPHER CHOOSES TO MAKE IT

Q. If the subject of your biography has gone down in history as an honest upright man who liked the simple things in life, how should you depict him?

A. I should dig up material which hints that he was a swindler, addicted to burning down orphan asylums, and going off on three-week orgies.

Q. Suppose he had a reputation for being unusually truthful.

A. A little personal research—from unrevealed sources—can show that on occasions where it best suited his interests he was a cock-eyed liar.

Q. If subject seemed to have a strong religious bent what was the cause?

A. Because he was inherently cruel, and used that as a pretext to mask it.

Q. How about ladies with a reputation for being above the baser things of life?

A. Phooey!—Now here's the real dope about that baby!

Q. If a famous man has been universally renowned for his bravery, and his uncanny skill in military affairs, how is he to be revealed to the reading public?

A. Ask me something hard.—As a man who was afraid of cap pistols, and who had several shrewd lieutenants who planned all his campaigns.

Q. What about a subject whom history looks on as a villain?

A. It is the biographer's task to show that he was much misunderstood and misrepresented by his contemporaries, and that it was only to make himself known in the world that he resorted to poison and cutting people's ears off.

Q. If past biographies and portraits indicate that subject was a huge man, say six feet six in height, what are you going to do about that?

A. I'm game. Give me enough advance royalties, and I'll have him walk under a dachshund for you.

—PARKE CUMMINGS

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TO THE MENU BORN

INSPIRATIONS FOR GOURMETS: A COMPENDIUM OF THE FAVORITE DISHES OF TWO NATIONS

ITALY

SOUPS	*Specialty of*
Tagliatelli Bouillon with paste	Milan
Riso e Verzi Rice soup with broccoli	Venice
Riso con Sedani Rice soup with celery and tomatoes	
Broetto Fish soup	

PASTES

Varieties include: *Lasanges* (long, thick) *Fuselli* (long cylinders) *Filatelli* (thin and long) *Paternostri* (fat and thick); Nochtelladi (thick rectangles); *Ricci di Donni* (spiral); *Cannelaroni*, *Cannelloni* (short); *Zite*, *Mezzani*, *Bucatini* (long)

Paste Verdi Green noodles, made from spinach, cooked in bouillon	Florence
Cannelloni alla Toscani Paste stuffed with chicken-gizzards, truffles and cheese	*Specialty of*
Lasange in Foglia Lasange filled with chopped meat, meat-juice, cheese	Ragusa
Anghellini Raviolis filled with chopped-meat, fried	
Macaroni, *Lasange*, *Taglierini*, *Vermecelli*, *Lagarneddi con Alic* with anchovy sauce, spices, tomatoes	Naples and region of Campania
Spaghetti alla Matriciana With tomatoes, pork, onions, cheese	Rome
Sagne Chine Lasanges with layers of pâté, cheese, peas, mushrooms, celery, artichokes, cooked in meat-juice	Calabria
Schiafetonni Thick paste stuffed with chopped meat	

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ENTRÉES	*Specialty of*	
Pastieri Lamb patties cooked in cheese	Florence	
Frittedi Patties filled with fresh tuna, fried in oil		(Red wines: Chianti, Montepulciano. White: Moscato, [sweet] Spumanti dell'Elba)
Gnocchi Gialli corn meal timbales with cheese		
Risotto alla Piemontese Rice, white truffles	Turin	
Risotto alla Certolina Rice with shrimps, fish-filets, mushrooms, peas	Pavia	

MEAT DISHES	*Specialty of*	
Osso Bucco Veal knuckles, marrow, rice, saffron sauce	Venice and Milan	
Fritto alla Florentino Mixed dish of fried veal, chicken, frogs, rolled in egg, cooked in pan	Florence	
Polpette Pork, sausages, pimentos	Milan	
Stufato Rolls of veal, stuffed with chopped meat	Milan	
Saltimbocca Veal stuffed with ham and sorrel	Milan	
Costolette al Prosciutto Veal cutlet and cheese	Bologna	
Scallopino Veal, ham, potatoes, gratiné baked in oven		(Regional wines: Red: Lombrusco de Sorbara; Sangiovese White: Albana)

POULTRY	*Specialty of*	
Tacchino alla Bolognese Fried sliced turkey	Bologna	
Umido Incassato Ragout of chicken, veal and mushrooms	Bologna	
Riso con Carne d'Anatre Selvatiche Duck with rice		
Pollo in Padella Chicken sauté with wine, cheese, ham and tomatoes	Rome	Regional wines: red (Chateaux Romaines)
Tacchino Brodeatto Turkey cooked in white wine, with onions, ham, cheese and lemon juice	Frascati, Colonna, Castelgondolfo	white: Montefiascone)
Stufato di Poulet Chicken stuffed with celery	Ravenna	

HUNGARY

SOUPS

Gulyasleves
Thick soup of pork, beef, mutton, smoked ham, sausages, bacon and onions, paprika, tomatoes

Husleves
Beef, liver, parsely roots

Korhelysleves
Sauerkraut, cold meat, sour cream

FISH

Magyar Gombas Fogas
Roasted *Fogas*
A delicate fresh water fish from Lake Balaton

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Rac Ponty
Carp with bacon, potatoes, onions, carrots, green paprika, roasted in butter

Halkosonya
Fish in jelly

Haltoltve
Fish stuffed with mushrooms, covered in sour cream and paprika

Rac Paprikas
Ecrevisses chopped, fried in butter, paprika, parsley, sour cream, served with rice

ENTRÉES

Kolbassos Rantotta
Scrambled eggs, bacon, smoked sausage, green paprika

Paprikascirkevel toltott palacsinta
Layers of pancake cut into strips, alternating with chicken, paprika, chicken-gravy, sour cream

Burgonyameltett
Potato-noodles and chopped meat, paprika

Toltottburgonya
Roasted potatoes stuffed with rice and paprika, sausages and fried onions, cream sauce

Toltott paprika
Whole paprika stuffed with pork, rice, tomato sauce

Turoscusza
Noodles boiled then fried in bacon fat, covered with sour cream, white cheese, fried bacon

MEATS

Skekeley Gulasch
Ragout of veal, beef, pork, or mutton, with sauerkraut, paprika and cream

Paprikascirke
Chicken sauté with paprika and sour cream

Esterhazy rostelyos
Grilled beef steak with paprika and fresh cream

VEGETABLES

Lesco
Fresh green paprika with tomatoes and rice

Paprika Gomba
Mushrooms saute with paprika and fresh cream

WINES

Note: Tokay is a city not a variety

Tokay Aszu
Sweet, amber colored. A dessert wine

Tokay Szomorodni
Sweet or dry, made from dry and fresh grapes, golden yellow, should be at least ten years old

Furmint (Tokay or Mount Somlyo)
High degree of alcohol, light green, tastes like Moselle wines

Badakcsony
Dry, light yellow

Dorgicscu
Red

Kobanya is the best beer.

—SYLVIA LYON

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A NOTE ON BRAHMS

WHOSE MUSIC IS GREAT ENOUGH TO SURVIVE SOME VERY NASTY DIGS—AND HAS HAD TO

RANKING Johannes Brahms has long been a problem to the *chef de protocol* on musical Olympus. Every decade he has had to be shifted to a new place. When he was twenty and Robert Schumann hailed him as sprung "like Minerva, fully armed from the head of Jove," a chair was reserved for him near the head of the table.

His position improved when he was chosen as the hero of the anti-Wagner party, and it seemed absolutely secure when his friends, hitting upon the best tag-line to fame in history, coupled his name with those of his peers—Bach and Beethoven—as the last of "music's three great B's."

Nevertheless, the public shied away from his music, frightened partly by the commentators' adjectives: "dry," "heavy," "somber," "ascetic," "cerebral." For years, listeners believed that snoring was written into his scores, and his name on a symphony program was the sign for certain distinguished critics to pull out their newspapers.

They labeled him "the most stupendous bore in all the realms of sound," passing off the forms of music for music itself. Professor Schweizerhoffsteinlein, a celebrated Wagnerite, wrote, "No matter how many movements there are in the orchestral works of Johannes Brahms, for me—there are only two: he makes the first and I make the second."

George Bernard Shaw found "the spectacle of the British public listening with its in-churchiest expression to Brahms is suggestive of the yokel in *As You Like It*, quailing before the big words of the fool. His symphonies are endured at concerts as sermons, and his *Requiem* is patiently borne only by the corpse."

Recently, Shaw reversed himself and apologized, leaving Ernest Newman as chief objector to Brahms' place in the top flight of composers. "Brahms' symphonies smell of the lamp," he says. "He pads skillfully, but without being able to disguise the fact that it is padding."

While critics have been busy pigeonholing Brahms, his music has steadily gained admirers. Today he is a best-seller in English- and German-speaking countries. The Latins alone will have none of him. To them, he is a second-rate composer. "*Il travaille*

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extrêmement bien avec des idées qu'il n'a pas," they say, and point out that his work in its totality shows no such progressive inner development as occurred, for example, between the Beethoven of the septet and the Beethoven of the last quartets. Any artist, they contend, who remains all his life so fundamentally the same as Brahms did, must lack something.

Undoubtedly he does. But it is not sincerity. Whatever Brahms is not, he is himself. He did not fake. He may not have been as gifted as Mozart, or as heroically open-handed in his struggles as Beethoven, but he was serious and genuine in his living, fine-fibred though homespun, a man of profound tenderness. He kept faith with himself, worked in his roundabout, prodigious manner until he had put his own experiences on paper. He ended life as he began, a hard-working North German, deeply religious in the largest sense, displaying a crusty shell to protect a sensitive nature and a big heart.

Vienna lent his music her brighter sunshine and expansiveness, Hungary gave it her fiery rhythms, but it remained in essence what the man was —earnest, reserved, not given to excess, meditative and moody, susceptible to poetry in which memories of care and sorrow, lost happiness and *weltschmerz* are mingled.

★ ★ ★

Born in Hamburg of peasant stock, Brahms was no child prodigy. His first professional job was playing the piano —when he was nine—in a house of prostitution, to which he said sailors rushed like ravenous wolves. Later he became accompanist for Reményi, and met Joachim, who gave him introductory letters to Liszt in Weimar and to Schumann and his wife in Dusseldorf. Fourteen years Brahms' elder, she became his closest and his life-long friend. Between them existed one of music's most mysterious romances.

An early riser, he spent his mornings from five to eleven composing. He would meet his friends for a stroll in the woods and enjoyed nothing more than to escape the bustle of city life. Brahms realized Beethoven's lifelong ambition: he kept his freedom, and tinkered away for years at his own compositions, altering, improving, pouring them from one mold to another.

He was not too serious to play practical jokes such as sending an interviewer off through the woods to overtake "my brother, the composer." He enjoyed passing off as his own a cheap military march to a conceited conductor, who assured him he knew "everything by Brahms."

He hated flattery and the Viennese ladies' attempts to get a lock of his hair, but he was proud to relate that his finely domed head with full beard appeared in a textbook on geography as a perfect specimen of the Caucasian type. He wouldn't admit it, but he was pleased to receive the freedom of his native city, honorary degrees from Cambridge and Breslau, and orders

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from the Austrian, Prussian, Bavarian and smaller German courts. He explained, "When a good melody comes into my head, it pleases me more than any order, and if it enables me to make a success of a symphony, I'd rather that than the freedom of any city."

Often he was sarcastic. A cellist timidly explained that, because Brahms' piano tone was so loud, he couldn't hear his own playing. To which Brahms replied, "Happy man!"

He wrote his Swiss pupil, Rudolf von der Leyen, "Early yesterday morning I was walking alone here by the Rhine, the mist lay deep and cold upon the waters, the stream flowed by dirty and turbid; then suddenly I heard from afar the song of a single nightingale. You see, everything is not necessarily by Wagner."

In all his volumes of various kinds, which he avidly collected, there are extensive notes that give glimpses into his character. In Goethe's *Theory of Color*, he underlined what might have been his confession of faith: "We are only original because we know nothing."

In the Koran he marked all passages having to do with the inferiority of women. Brahms' love-life, according to best evidence, was anything but satisfactory. His real nature, warm and passionate underneath, needed women. In his youth he thought of proposing marriage, but was dissuaded. But he became a confirmed bachelor, hobnobbing with Viennese street-girls and rationalizing his frustration.

"When I should like to have married," he wrote, "my works were hissed in the concert-room. I was perfectly well able to bear this, for I knew quite well what they were worth. And when I returned to my lonely bedroom after such failures, I was not at all discouraged. On the contrary! But if at such moments I had had to go back to a wife and see her eyes turned anxiously on mine and had had to tell her, 'No success again,' I could not have borne that! And supposing she had tried to console me. For a man to fail and then be pitied by his own wife! Bah! I do not like to think what a hell that would have been!"

His longing for the happiness of a well-regulated family life he joked about. He told a pert young miss at Essen who inquired why the Herr Doktor was not married: "None of them would have me. And if there had been one who would, I could not have stood her on account of her bad taste."

In more ways than one Brahms resembled Hans Sachs, the master of Nürnburg. He was a son of the earth, an artisan, a humble and untiring worker, of the people. He had sanity of mind and breadth of view. He was a master of philosophy and of resignation. And, whatever place he may eventually occupy at the Olympian dining-table, he has written into the musical dictionary an adjective without synonym: *Brahmsian*, which labels a reservoir, as yet unplumbed, of tranquil, intimate, absolute strength and beauty.

—CARLETON SMITH

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ROUND-TRIP TO JAPAN

COMMENTING ON THE STRANGE FACT THAT THE GUESTS OF THE MIKADO NEVER SEEM TO LINGER

IT IS very strange that people who live in China for some time long to return to this great land and many people who have lived in Japan a long time suddenly leave it never to go back.

I am thinking mainly of Basil Hall Chamberlain, that distinguished Englishman, who discovered that the Japanese had a grammar, and wrote a volume on Japanese calligraphy. So vast was his knowledge of Japan and Japanese literature that he held the post of Professor of Japanese in the University of Tokyo. It is also to the honor of this gentleman that he befriended Lafcadio Hearn.

But suddenly something strange happened and Chamberlain turned his back on Japan and left it to spend the remainder of his days in Switzerland. As he had lived many years in Japan, and for many years had, as a foreigner, enjoyed their hospitality, and also as many of his devoted friends were Japanese, he remained silent. Not one word ever came from his mouth as to why he left so suddenly.

Something like this also happened to Lafcadio Hearn. As a foreign professor, he received 400 yen a month (about $200 in those times). One day he was approached by a committee to ask him if he would accept an order from the Emperor of Japan. I believe it was the Order of the Golden Kite that was offered him.

Hearn replied that he would be greatly honored, at which he was informed that in order to receive this decoration he must become a Japanese subject. Hearn himself had very few national ties. In fact, he saw in this a good thing. His wife was Japanese and as she had given him several children, he thought it good that they should have a country.

And so he became a citizen of Japan and received this Order of the Golden Kite. But a month later his salary was reduced to 200 yen a month (approximately $100) for now he was considered a native professor and that was the rate native professors were paid.

This event is said to have turned one of Japan's greatest champions into a bitter enemy and he spent his last days wishing he had never lived there at all. —MANUEL KOMROFF

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WHAT IS CORONET?

EDITOR'S NOTE: *On the assumption that if you (or we) don't know what Coronet is now you (or we) never will know, we irrevocably close the open question "What is Coronet?" with the publication of the two letters on this and the following page. To Mr. Blodgett and Miss Flickinger, whose letters appear here, as well as to Ernest Redmond Buckler and Janice Saunders, whose letters were published in the last issue, have gone checks for one hundred dollars each as associate winners of the first prize—hardly too much, it must frankly be acknowledged, for such intrepid definers of the indefinable.*

IF THE editors of Coronet don't know what their magazine is, I'm glad. I'd always rather have my editors in a state of experiencing something (like love) than in a state of strong-minded certitude.

I may not be able to answer your question, but I can tell you a story which may throw some light on what readers think Coronet is. It goes back to a night last winter when I went down to the movies with my girl. When we came out, the newsstand was closed. So Judy lit a cigarette and swore and lamented that she'd have to wait until morning for Coronet. "What is Coronet?" I wanted to know. She regarded me with surprise and began to explain.

I'm no good at dialogue, and I've forgotten exactly what she said, but I remember the main points.

She told me Coronet was a little magazine, smart looking, and grand to carry in a traveling bag. She'd had to do a lot of commuting in recent months, and Coronet was her best companion. When the train lurched and swayed, she could turn from the print to the pictures.

She told me that Coronet had a knack for printing short articles on all sorts of subjects—anything that might interest a civilized mind, she added slyly. I said it sounded like an omnibus tour through culture to me. She retorted it wasn't like that at all—that I could get a copy and if I didn't enjoy it—especially the pictures—she would have her doubts of my eligibility.

Well, I know the magazine now, and I appreciate how hard a job it is to say *what* it is. I will say this: that it seems to me to print interesting stuff—cover-to-cover reading—without loftiness, and that it reproduces the best art work—incomparably the best—I know of for any popular-priced magazine. I used to feel self-conscious about Art—as Mark Twain said, like a bartender in Heaven. But Coronet does away with that. It simply brings the beautiful, and is adventuresome in its search. So when I think of Coronet, I think of Judy and me down there on the street corner after the movie.

—HAROLD BLODGETT

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YES, you are quite right. The question "What is Coronet?" is certainly a "stupid question." Probably it is just as stupid to try to answer such a question, for there are probably as many answers as there are readers. But at least the question prompts one to answer a more personal question—"why do I continue to buy Coronet each month?"

About six months ago I glanced through the magazine at a newsstand and decided that it would certainly bear closer scrutiny, and so purchased my first copy—but not my last, for each month since that time, I have gone back for the next issue.

In the first place, your magazine fascinates me because of the beauty of its reproductions of different kinds of art forms. The photographs chosen are unique and are unusually beautiful subjects. If your only object in publishing such a magazine were to present the beautiful in art to the layman to whom it has not previously been so attractively and so inexpensively presented, you have been successful. This alone is a liberal education for those who cannot spend much time in the great art galleries of the world. At the same time it must stimulate the urge to create beauty themselves in many whose lives have hitherto been unproductive.

But this is not all that you offer. You are not bound by traditional ideas of what a magazine should be, and so your readers feel a breath of freedom in your pages. Anything which has interested an author enough to inspire him to write about it, seems to be acceptable to you if it has a sound factual basis and is well written, or if it seems to be a valid opinion interestingly expressed. You have also chosen to present a very welcome liberal viewpoint on social questions.

Perhaps the best way to answer the question "What is Coronet?" is to say that it is a magazine with imagination. A sense of humor, an appreciation of beauty, and a desire to present many different aspects of life truthfully and entertainingly have contributed to make it one of the outstanding magazines of our time.

—JEAN FLICKINGER

There are still a few copies available of the first issue of VERVE, the international quarterly of the arts, at the single copy price of $2.50. Yearly subscriptions at $10, starting with the first issue, will however be given preference. For subscriptions or single numbers, or to secure a copy of a descriptive booklet, free upon request, giving complete information on VERVE, address the sole American representatives for VERVE: Esquire-Coronet, Inc., 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

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for
FEBRUARY
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ARNOLD GINGRICH
EDITOR

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